



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 17 May 1961

SUMMER
FASHION



CLOTHES FOR THE OUTDOOR MONTHS
DO'S & DONT'S FOR WEEKEND COTTAGERS
THE ENGLISH WAY WITH WATERWORKS



by Middle East

TO THE LEBANON

Phyllis Graham tells about a holiday heaven

Next time your fairy Godmother grants a wish, why not a holiday in The Lebanon? No need to travel by magic carpet now, Middle East Airlines will fly you to Beirut in a Comet... and with Beirut as your centre, you can explore this fabulous holiday heaven.

Sightseeing "must". The Roman Temple of Baalbeck — golden and rose red under the brilliant sun. (Extreme left). Against Corinthian columns, a column of 'Tricel' relieved by a stitched inverted pleat and softly gathered at the waist. By London Town, it comes in lilac, white, blue, green, apricot, navy. Sizes 10-18. About 6 gns.

Blue skies, blue sea, the sun on ancient stones. Drink it all in looking delicious in a simple sheath by Carnegie, all tiny permanent pleats, the built-in waist band touched with gold (Below right). Wear it straight from your suitcase, it's all 'Tricel' so it won't need ironing. In aqua, rose pink, blue, white, eau de nil, crocus tint, black and fawn. Sizes 36"-42" hip. About £5.19.6.

Your travelling outfit—invaluable for sightseeing later, could be this 'Tricel' dress and jacket by Susan Small, (Below left). The skirt is box pleated (permanently), the wide neck finished with a binding of white piqué. Cover up with its own tailored jacket in the strong midday sun. In pink/white, ice blue/white, toas./white. Sizes 10-14. About 17½ gns.

Beirut abounds in bathing beaches and many of the hotels have their own swimming pools. Choose a 'Tricel' swimsuit, quick to dry

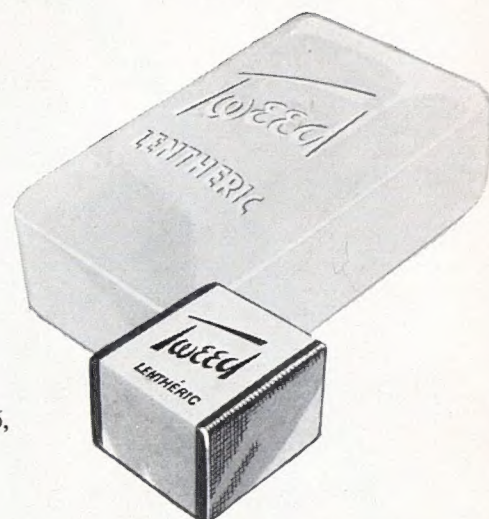


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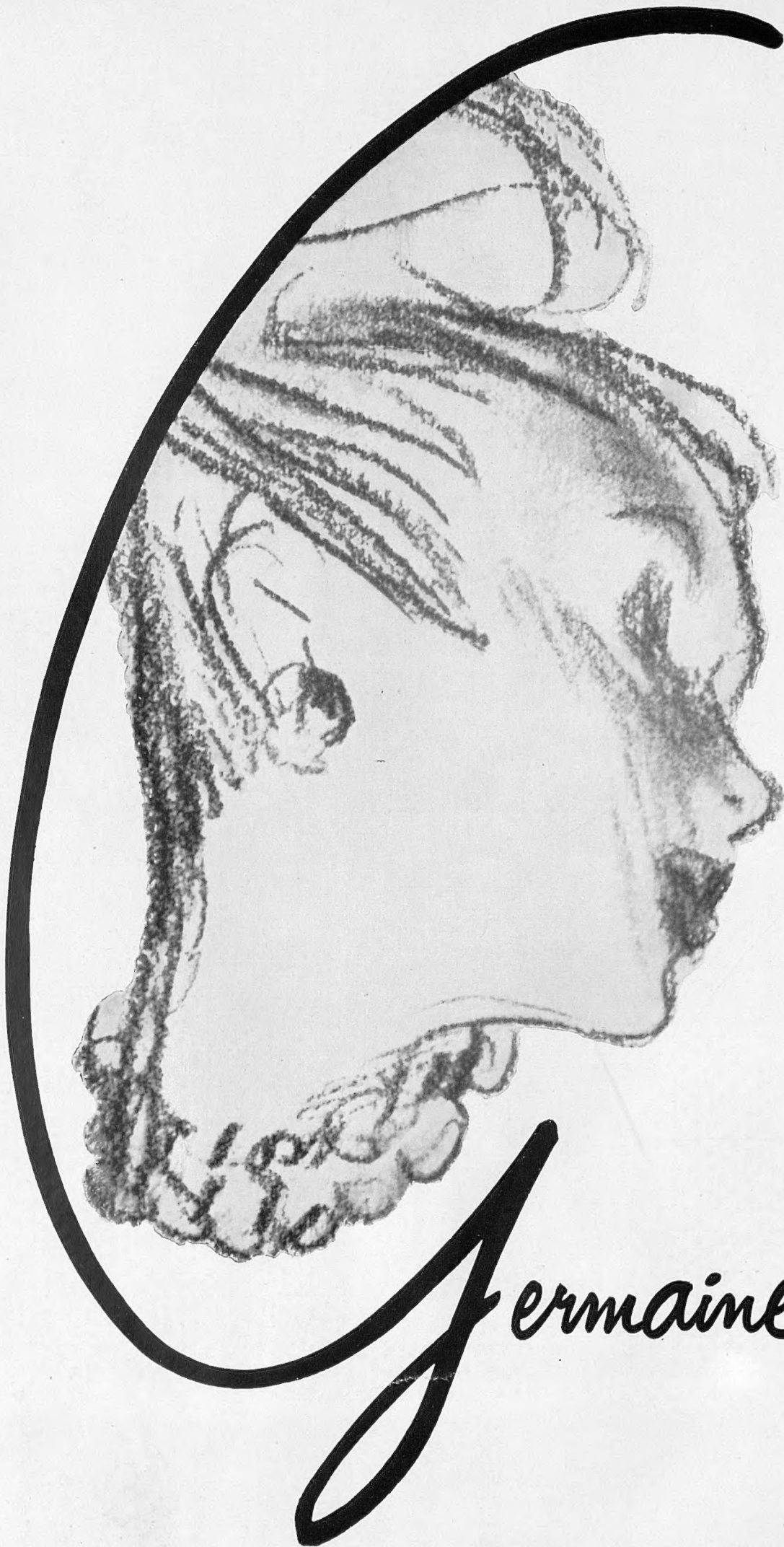
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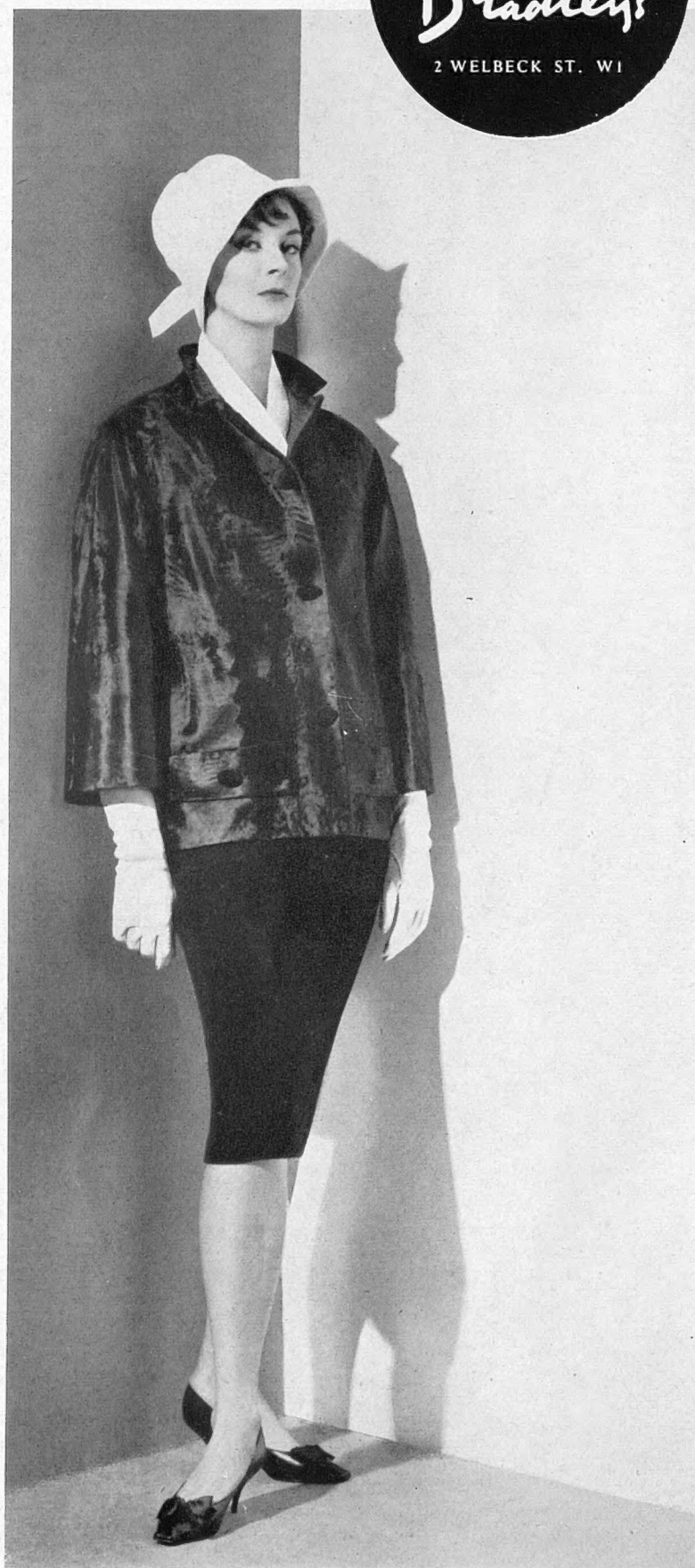
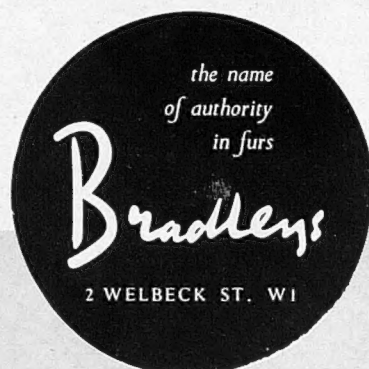
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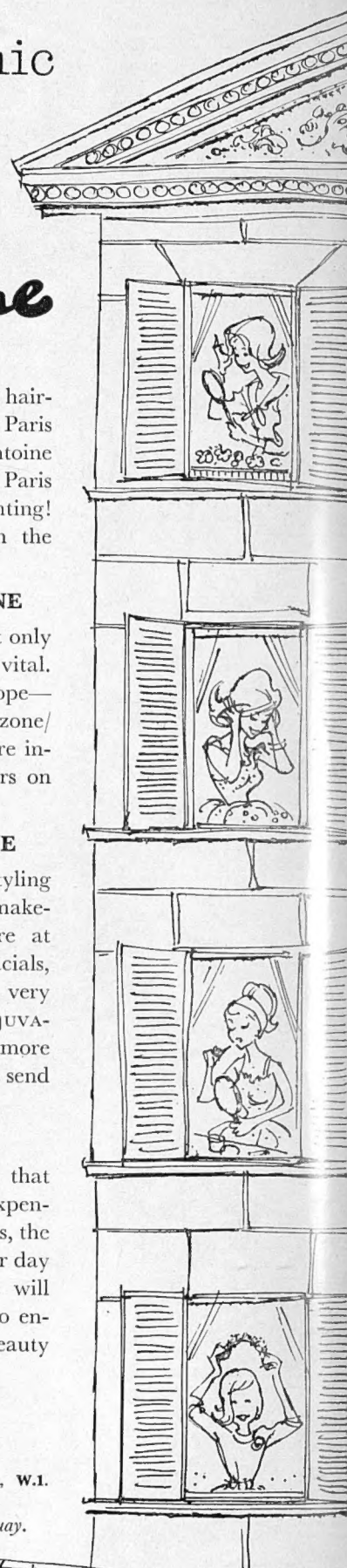
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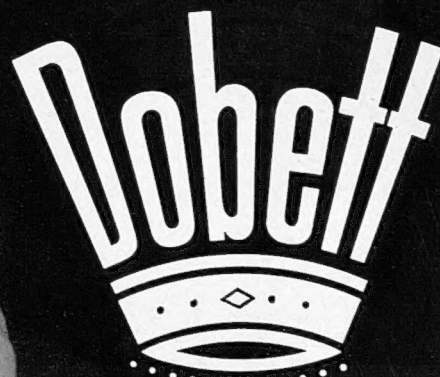
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Volume CCXL Number 3116

Summer Fashion Number

17 MAY 1961

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HOW MANY SWALLOWS WILL DO?

If one swallow doesn't make a summer how many make a Summer Fashion Number? To be on the safe side The Tatler called on several of its established swallows. In order of pages the first is:

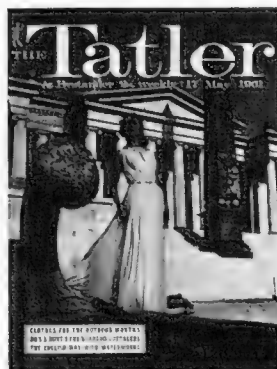
Cynthia Ellis, of the much-admired "Anatomy of a Square" (12 April). She contributes an article, illustrated with her own photographs, on *The English way with waterworks*. This is about fountains and is meant as a kind of invitation to a dry summer (page 398). . . . Then:

Mark Bence-Jones, who is rapidly establishing himself as an authority on the subtleties of contemporary social uplift. His theme this time is *The right place for your place in the country*, and if he is to be believed there is a lot more to it than you might think (page 406). For people who may be thinking of buying a country cottage during the brighter months Counter Spy provides an accompanying report on suitable equipment and furnishing. . . . Next:

Claud Cockburn, the tortuous-minded Irish wit who sees an unexpected side to almost everything that engages his attention. He is *Talking about Cleopatra* this week (page 416), having evidently divined from the other side of St. George's Channel that our summer fashion pages were going to have something to do with the lady (*see below*). . . .

This, of course, doesn't count the regular swallows, birds of all seasons, who are to be found in their usual nests.

The cover:



The fantastic set built at Pinewood for the ill-fated production of *Cleopatra* provides the background for a Norman Hartnell evening dress of pleated white chiffon with bands of exquisite jewelled embroidery encircling the neck and waistline. Photographed by ANTONY NORRIS. For more of The infinite variety of white turn to page 408

Next week: How to be individual without going antique. . . .

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Chelsea Flower Show, 17 to 19 May, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

May Ball, 19 May, at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

Anglo-Danish Dinner, 20 May, at the Dorchester.

Albrighton Woodland point-to-point, at Chaddesley Corbett.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera, 24 May to 20 August.

Florence Nightingale Fair, 24 & 25 May, at Chelsea Town Hall.

Anglo-Argentine Society Ball, 24 May, at the Savoy.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Show, 24 to 27 May, at Balmoral, Belfast.

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 25 to 27 May, at Richmond.

Old Roedeanians Association Dinner & Ball, 26 May, at the Dorchester.

Army Three Day Event, 26 to 28 May, at Tidworth. (Tidworth Ball, 27 May.)

Gala performance of "The Sound Of Music", 29 May, at the Palace Theatre, in aid of the World Parliament Association. Tickets: Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

Concert (to be attended by the Queen Mother), 30 May, at St. James's Palace, in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. Contact: Mrs. Wheeler, 38 Chester Square, S.W.1.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: York, Salisbury, today & tomorrow; Sandown Park, Stockton, 19, 20; Hamilton Park, Warwick, Doncaster, 20; Doncaster, 22; Birmingham, Chepstow, Hurst Park, Redcar, 22, 23; Catterick Bridge, Liverpool, 24; Windsor, 24, 25 May.

Steeplechasing: Woore, Haldon (Devon & Exeter meeting), Cartmel, Hexham, Towcester, 20, 22; Fontwell Park, Hereford, Huntingdon, Uttoxeter, W. Norfolk Hunt,

Wetherby, 22; Stratford-on-Avon, 25 May.

CRICKET

Australians v. Cambridge University, to 19; v. Glamorgan, 20, 22, 23; v. Gloucestershire, 24-26 May.

MOTOR RACING

Whit Monday Race Meetings, Goodwood and Crystal Palace, 22 May.

POLO

Household Brigade polo meeting, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, 22 May.

Smith Ryland Cup, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, 22 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Falstaff*, tonight, 20, 22, 25 May; *Tosca*, 18, 23 May, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Giselle*, 7.30 p.m., 19 May; *Coppélia*, 2.15 p.m., 20 May; *Le Baiser De La Fée*, *Les Sylphides*, *Antigone*, 7.30 p.m., 24 May.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 13 August.

Contemporary Yugoslav Painting & Sculpture, Tate Gallery, to 28 May.

Rodrigo Moynihan (recent paintings) and **Anne Norwich** (first exhibition), both at the Redfern Gallery, to 26 May.

Cyril Fradan (paintings), Woodstock Gallery, to 27 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Palace, *The Sound Of Music*, 18 May. **Queen's**, *Kindly Leave The Stage*, 17 May.

Palladium, *Let Yourself Go*, 19 May.

Wembley, Moscow State Circus, 20 May.

Royal Court, *The Blacks*, 24 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 420.

The Amorous Prawn. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing... the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald. (Piccadilly Theatre, GER 4506.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 420.

G.R. = General release

The Greengage Summer. "... splendidly cast, sympathetically produced. I was entirely bewitched." Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux, Susannah York, Claude Nollie. G.R.



CORNEL LUCAS

After more than two years away from the West End stage, Virginia McKenna takes over Dorothy Tutin's part as the possessed Prioress in *The Devils* at the Aldwych tomorrow night. Miss Tutin is returning to Stratford-on-Avon for the summer season. Miss McKenna is the wife of actor Bill Travers

BRIGGS by Graham





175-8, NEW BOND STREET,
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GOING PLACES LATE

Curtain up — & after

Douglas Sutherland

WHETHER TO EAT BEFORE OR AFTER the theatre is a problem that seems to vex many of my correspondents. With varying curtain times at West End theatres, uncertainty of getting a taxi and strange reluctance of many restaurateurs to make customers welcome after 11 o'clock, the difficulty is a real one. I am therefore pleased to report an ingenious solution offered by the lively imagination of Charles Forte at his **Café Royal** in Regent Street. Here the idea is to divide your dinner into two halves having, say, soup and fish beforehand and enjoy the theatre more for knowing that roast duck is cooking away merrily to be ready for you five minutes after the curtain falls.

This might prove an extremely successful idea, particularly as the Café Royal will also undertake to look after your hats and coats, organize taxis to and from the theatre and generally undertake all those tiresome chores that seem to be an inescapable part of theatre-going. They will even provide bouquets, buttonholes, chocolates and all for forgetful husbands. And

to make things even easier you can now walk into any theatre ticket booking agency in the country and order your dinner at the same time as your theatre tickets—the Café Royal will take care of the booking fee as well.

Incidentally, for the benefit of those who have not been to the Café Royal for some time, considerable changes have taken place over the past few years. Gone are the marble-topped tables of the Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm days, and the little bar at the back where *litterateurs* and journalists, caught in the arid wastes of the West End, would slake their thirsts; gone, too, but less regretted, is the inadequate front bar and the sort of ship's saloon look that the restaurant used to have. But in the grillroom Charles Forte has carefully preserved the gilt-mirrored elegance so beloved by the Edwardians and, I suspect, by quite a few new Elizabethans as well. You can dance in the restaurant or raise a nostalgic glass of port to the *fin de siècle* ghosts in the grillroom.

The Café Royal, according to

Frank Harris, used to have the finest cellar in the world. I don't know whether this claim could be substantiated today or indeed whether any restaurant or private club can boast anything like as good a cellar as was commonplace 50 years ago. The high capital outlay involved in carrying large and comprehensive stocks is almost prohibitive today.

Over the Circus in Lower Regent Street is another famous restaurant that is also part of the Forte empire. The **Hungaria** was a favourite eating place of the late King George VI and the Duke of Windsor, and enjoys one of the most loyal followings of "regulars" in the restaurant business. The food is exceptionally good and it is wise as well as appropriate to choose Hungarian specialities like *Chicken Paprika*. Also highly recommended: *Chicken Kiev* and *Steak Diane* cooked at the table.

The Hungaria is licensed until 1.30 a.m. and there is dancing to George Birch and his orchestra and the Dave Davani Quartet. The cabaret starts at 11.15 p.m. (except Saturdays when all times are an hour earlier). Diana Decker is currently appearing there. Altogether a good bet for an enjoyable night out without too frightening a bill.

Cabaret calendar

Society (REG 0565). *Maggie Sarragne, French singer*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767). *Clifford Stanton, impressionist*

Pigalle (REG 6423). *Patti Page*

Savoy (TEM 4343). *Adèle Leigh*

Colony (MAY 1657). *Hutch*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443). *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves*

Celebrity (HYD 7636). *Chiquita Carlos, dancer, with big variety bill*

Embassy (HYD 5275). *Davey Kaye & company*

Astor (GRO 3181). *Artie Dunn, comedian and varied bill*

Winston's Club (REG 5411). *Winston's Merry-go-round with Danny La Rue*



The original Red Hot Mommy is back in town—Sophie Tucker stars at Talk of the Town after the nightly Ten O'clock Follies

GOING PLACES TO EAT

West End to E.C.3

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (HYD 0111.) The restaurant is a place for unhurried and dignified eating, for the proper enjoyment of fine wines—there are plenty of reasonably priced ones on the list—and for the happy and intelligent conversation they stimulate. The cooking is of the sort that a discerning Frenchman hopes to find when he comes to Britain, and here he will not be disappointed. The room is elegant, the waiting good. The set luncheon is 18s. 6d., and would satisfy the hungry. W.B.

Punch's Club, 3 Camomile Street. (AVE 2122.) Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Just off Bishopsgate and a step from Liverpool Street Station, this is a new and useful addition to the City's eating clubs for busy people. Fully licensed from 12 mid-day to 8 p.m., with full restaurant

facilities at lunchtime and a cold bar in the evening, it is well-appointed and well-run by Nicky and his charming wife, Anne. The *plat de jour* costs under 10s. and special dishes a little more. The food is good; so is the service. Membership by application, £1 1s. entrance fee, and £1 1s. subscription. It should be useful to members of Lloyd's and the Baltic, also to those using the station. W.B. luncheon.

The Chelsea Bun, 11 King's Road. (Opposite Peter Jones and down the court.) SLO 4629. Useful for a shopping luncheon—an adequate three-course meal costs 4s.—or something before the play at the Royal Court. Main course costs from 3s. 3d. to 4s. 9d., including plenty of vegetables. A bowl of piping hot home-made soup is 1s., the tomato & cheese rarebit for 3s. is almost a meal in itself. The

cooking is good, plain, and English, and the décor is clean-cut, modern and functional. No licence.

Grosvenor House, Park Lane. (GRO 6363.) Where can we eat before the theatre? The grillroom now provides a good answer with a special theatre dinner served each weekday from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. There are three courses. A choice of thick or clear soup, or fish; poultry or meat with vegetables; and sweet or cheese. The cost is one guinea, plus 12½ per cent service charge, and the service is such as to ensure that you will get away on time.

Balon's, 73 Baker Street. (HUN 2301.) C.S. Open to midnight. I liked this restaurant from the moment I sat down, short-tempered at the end of a frustrating day. The décor is restful, service attentive and friendly. The prawn cocktail was full of flavour, the escalope of veal, with cream, sherry and mushroom sauce, excellent. I finished with fresh pineapple and coffee, having drunk half a bottle of the Portuguese Mateus Rosé, and left content but not impoverished. For a three-course meal, excluding wine, allow about 20s. per head.

Kettners, 29 Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 3437.) Open Sundays. For a

restaurant to maintain a consistently high standard of popularity for 35 years is no mean achievement. Kettners' reputation is based on its policy of offering a wide range of cooking, including the best of British dishes, allied to a large and interesting wine list. The décor is pleasant and tables spaced comfortably. Prices are moderate, and a good meal can be had for under 20s., excluding wine. Famous in Edwardian days for its *chambres privées*, Kettners has now a range of self-contained suites for parties of varying sizes. W.B.

Frontier crossing

Foix, a pleasant small town with an impressive castle, makes a good stopping place for the eastern Franco-Spanish frontier crossings. The **Hostellerie de la Barbacane** is famous among gastronomes, and Michelin gives it a rosette. It holds as well two "*Medaille d'Or Gastronomique*." Dinner, including three wines, service and taxes, costs just under £2 per head, a double room with bath about the same. Madame Déjean speaks English. W.B.

On the Spanish side, the new **Rallye Hotel** outside Figueras makes a good stop. I have not used the hotel but the restaurant serves a pleasant meal for about 10s. a head.



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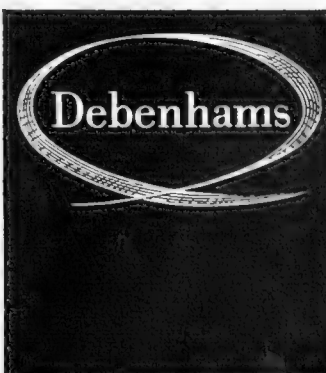
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Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams in the Paris Opera House.

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

The pleasures of Prague

Doone Beal

IF I HAD BEEN SOMEHOW PARACHUTED here, I kept asking myself, would I know that I was not in Austria, Germany or Luxembourg? The answer, I think, is "No." The luxurious Praha restaurant, transported and rebuilt from the Brussels Exhibition, was full of people dining to the tune of £2 a head; even the ordinary cafés had coffee, beer, wine on every marble-topped table, hardly an empty seat; in the food shops, with their sausages and smoked hams, bits and pieces in aspic, *pâtés* and pastries, austerity was conspicuous by its absence.

Lunching one day in the rococo splendour of the Esplanade Hotel in Marienbad Spa (once a haunt of Edward VII), the sight of a party of women striding towards their table attired in woollen stockings, heavy shoes and headscarves was one of the few clues to the fact that one was not in a conventional part of Europe. They were in fact co-operative farmers, who go on

quite regular jaunts of this kind and make up 76 per cent of the agricultural population (10 per cent work on State farms, the other 14 per cent being privately owned and run). Nor was the sight of Marienbad's golf course, with a couple sitting on the first tee waiting to drive off, all that surprising except in its context. This most plutocratic of games, beaten to the post only by polo, is not played much by Czechs, but the golf courses have been maintained for visitors.

It typifies one of the most agreeable aspects of the country; superficially at any rate, one never has the feeling that the old régime has been swept ruthlessly away for the sake of brave-new-worldliness. Churches, palaces, and even some villas have been maintained, at considerable cost to the State, and many of the old towns of Bohemia such as Tabor and Domazlice are preserved in their entirety as national monuments.

Prague is well known to be one of the loveliest capitals in Europe, an essay in romanesque, Gothic and baroque. Part of the old city, with the 14th-century town hall and the Tyn Church, lies on the right bank of the River Vltava; here, too, is a 13th-century synagogue—the oldest in Europe—and nearby its fascinating cemetery, where the tombstones are decorated with scissors for tailors, lancets for doctors, and so on. Perhaps the most grim and moving sight in the whole city is the Jewish memorial, in which the names of 77,000 of those who died in concentration camps are written like so many news columns over the walls of the crypt.

The rest of the old city, dominated by the immense castle—in fact, a complex of palaces dating from 800 to 1,500—rises steeply from the left bank, with some once-splendid villas on the way. Such is the lie of the land that gardens open up from the second and third floors rather than street level and they look, with their walls and statues and frescoed alcoves, like little theatres. Around the castle itself is the Loreta monastery and a superb treasury which once belonged to the Capucine monks, the Malta Church, and, among many other things to see, the exuberantly decorated Stragov Library.

The castle has the view of all views over the city, and leading from it is the Street of Alchemists, lined with one-floor cottages in which members of the Royal Guard, now depicted in wax, used to be pensioned off. Judging by the attitude of one of them, slumped despondently over a bottle of wine, I rather think they have been preserved as a terrible reminder of feudalism. To the decadent Western eye, however, the little garrets have great charm with their whitewashed walls, immense stoves filling half the room, and tiny windows looking out over the hillside. Our guide was rather shocked when somebody remarked that they would fetch a fortune in Chelsea or Hampstead.

But the pearl of Prague, to me, was the little backwater island of Kampa, lying in midstream and spanned by the lovely curving stone of Charles Bridge. Once Kampa was a separate community, and it remains somehow isolated from the rest of the city in mood and tempo, with its low stone buildings, decorated street lamps, archways and hidden squares. Dumped there for a breathless 10 minutes from a sight-seeing coach, I would have liked to spend hours.

Such are the pleasures of the city. The pleasure of looking at it and, I must add, of listening to its music. The home of Smetana and Dvorak, an inspiration to Chopin and Mozart, it has three theatres and, in summer, open air ones, which offer concert, ballet or opera every evening. (Incidentally, the worth-

while buy apart from glass is long playing records costing under £1.)

But Prague is, alas, a marathon to explore, not only because of its minutely cobbled streets (death on high heels and tiring in any), but also because there are no cruising taxis, and even the old part of the city I have described covers a considerable area. It is worth, initially, joining one of the city tours by coach—the guides are good—but these are always too brief and crowded to be satisfactory. You can start out with a taxi from your hotel, but they are not allowed to wait around for you. So if you get one as far as Charles Bridge, I noted one wine bar/restaurant, Maliru, just over the left bank, which could be a welcome stopping place indeed. And there is a cafeteria in the castle grounds. But I must emphasize that this bit of Prague is a day's hike.

The food in Prague, as elsewhere in Czechoslovakia, is goodish. There are no great restaurants, but the food in the Praha is good, its view glorious; and the Budapest, on Wenceslas Square near the big hotels, with what my escort referred to as "civilized gipsies" playing, is convivial and pleasant for dinner. In the Embassy bar, attached to it, people were still drinking and dancing at 3 a.m., which pointed not only an attitude rather less earnest than one might have expected but also plenty of cash.

The luxury hotels such as the Yalta in Prague, the Moscow in Karlsbad and the Esplanade in Marienbad, are not cheap; they cost around £4 a head, full board, but any discrepancy between their and the international definition of luxury is more than compensated by some of the most charming and ungrasping service I have met.

Initially, you must book your accommodation through a travel agency in this country, for a minimum of three days, at the rate of full board, payable in advance in sterling. In exchange you are given vouchers which you change at your hotel, but you are not compelled to use full board when you get there. You can take the cash, pay for your bedroom, and blue the rest as you like. Your visa must correspond to the number of days so booked, but it can be extended on arrival. Otherwise, normal travellers' cheques operate at the double tourist rate of 40 crowns to the £1.

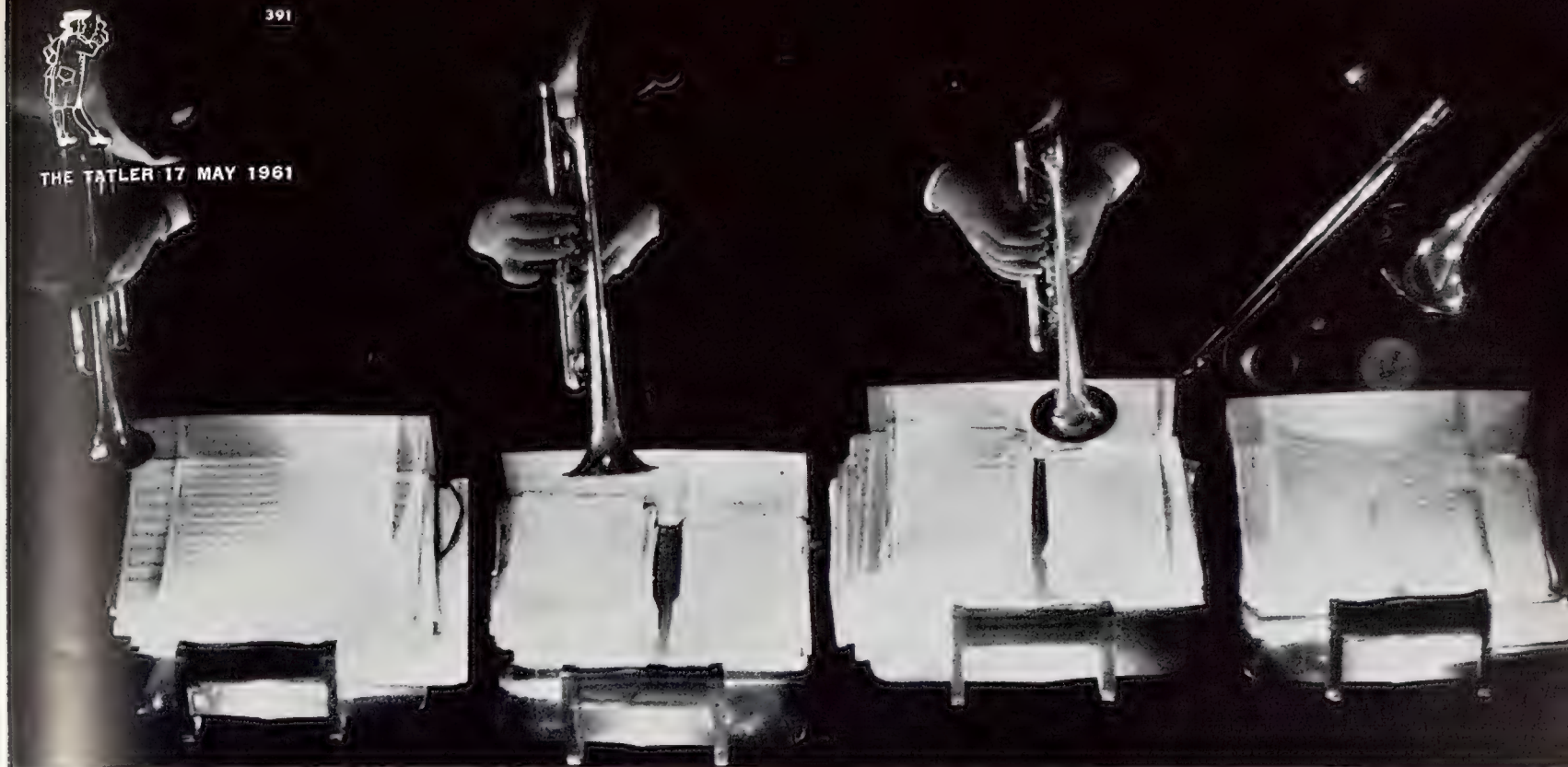
B.E.A. have a direct Viscount flight to Prague, Mondays and Thursdays, and their car-hire plan there is really a saver. One of the few available, it is particularly valuable in view of the taxi situation, not only for Prague itself but for villages in Bohemia and Moravia. For longer distances, Czechoslovak Airways have a good domestic network as well as 3-seater air taxis which can be hired at reasonable rates. Inquiries to Cedok, 45 Oxford Street, W.1.



Prague: a marathon to explore, but worth it

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THE 1961 OVERTURE



Music for dancing, the traditional cake ceremony and curtsies launched 360 of this year's débutantes at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball under the presidency, for the 35th successive year, of Margherita Lady Howard de Walden

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COWAN



The Duchess of Fife (left), as guest of honour, cut this year's birthday cake. It was drawn in by the 166 maids of honour, some of whom are seen (right) curtsying to her



THE 1961 OVERTURE

continued



Margherita Lady Howard de Walden

The Hon. Mrs. Buchan of Auchmacoy



Maids of honour Miss Jocelyn Holding (left), Miss Penny Ridsdale (above), whose father is M.P. for Harwich, and (right) the Hon. Rose Keppel, daughter of Lady Mairi Bury





Mr. Nigel Dempster



Mr. & Mrs. Michael Callender



More of this year's debs: Miss Miranda Chisenhale-Marsh (above) and the Hon. Jacquetta Lampson



THE head chef was short in words and build. "When I was given this job it was pointed out to me that no man can be an efficient peacemaker unless he's got a satisfied stomach," he said. "I was also told that my job was one of the most important in the building." When the U.N. gets down to eating, not to mention parties, things are bigger and better than at any other diplomatic gathering in the world.

The Yemeni delegation like their lambs freshly killed and roasted whole. For their average party the order goes out for "about 12" lambs. Some delegates call for whalemeat almost as casually as others ask for omelets. Culinary crises do arise, but they're quickly solved by a "summit" meeting of kitchen staff. They have to be. Hosts don't wait for committees to report—such delays are for delegates only.

The day after my arrival in New York I lunched in the Delegates' Diningroom at the U.N.; a huge contemporary room but one that doesn't jar the eye. Looking out on the East River, it is warm and friendly and full of exciting-looking dishes and interesting smells. This isn't to say that the simple things are not enjoyed. At the far end an Indian delegate was enjoying a bowl of soup and some chopped, raw vegetables. He's been at the U.N. about two years and had the same lunch every day. Two Russians were at the next table (Russians at the U.N. are easily identified by their squeaky shoes) with plates of sturgeon.

Parties at the U.N. go on all the time. "I find it hard to get home for an evening meal," Mr. Freddie Boland, the President of the U.N., told me. "Either the Assembly sits late and dinner is a business meeting, or else I'm out to some party or other." He's one who can take it; his cheeks have the glow of good health. Mr. Boland went to the U.N. from London, where he was Irish Ambassador. How ever do delegates keep their figures? Sir Patrick Dean, the Permanent British Representative, gave me the answer—an invariable breakfast of black coffee and orange juice. Comfortably built Sir Patrick was speaking from perception rather than experience. He's much too calm and unflappable a person to ever have breakfasted for any length off black coffee and orange juice.

Sir Patrick & Lady Dean arrived in September, and the session which opened then has been a hectic one. Their one break was a Christmas skiing holiday up north with their sons, James, 12, and Peter, 10, who are at Pinewood preparatory school. "As we were all beginners together the children got many a good laugh," Lady Dean told me. Parents who can enjoy the chortling of their young after an involuntary sit down on the nursery slopes must have the right temperament for international diplomacy. Just now Sir Patrick, accompanied by his wife, is on a speaking tour of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana. This is a growing activity for U.N. leaders between sessions.

It usually starts with a pre-breakfast television interview on world affairs at the local

TV station and winds up, well after 10 at night, with a candlelight supper (and more questions on world affairs) with the society which organized the visit. There are two reasons for all this lecturing to business and professional men and their wives. Americans are excited by the U.N. and its work. Women's clubs set up committees to study it and it has become a U subject for college essays. Another reason is that TV has made the representatives of the great powers into national figures.

Mrs. Marietta Tree (U.S. representative on the U.N. Commission on Human Rights) told me: "There's a burning interest in the U.N.—and a near-boiling enthusiasm for human rights. I get asked to give talks all the time." Mrs. Tree is the glamorous new Kennedy administration

Off-duty at U N O

by Muriel Bowen

delegate. A tall, green-eyed blonde, she found herself last summer drafted into a small part in *The Misfits* while visiting friends on the set. For some years now she has had the best of America's political salons at her house in Manhattan. "No matter what else they've got to do people always go to Marietta Tree's parties," I was told in New York.

Mrs. Tree, a woman of versatility and enthusiasm, has helped to get staff appointments made on an inter-racial basis in U.S. hospitals. She asked about the welfare work of the London County Council and hopes while she is in London in June to attend one of the Council's meetings. While Mrs. Tree has been settling in at the U.N. her husband, Mr. Ronald Tree (a former Tory M.P.), has been in Barbados. He has just opened a large hotel there.

It's amusing to walk through the Delegates' Lounge at the U.N. and see representatives of 99 Nations (it is expected that Sierra Leone will be the 100th) enjoy their drinks without as much as a rude word. The favourite drink in the lounge is a Bloody Mary. An innocent-looking drink, too; and many a Moslem who hates all things Russian and is supposed to eschew alcohol delights in it. The lounge is the social centre of the building for both men and women

delegates—and talking of women reminds me it is hoped here that Lady Tweedsmuir will be back for the new session in September. It's been the policy to change our women representatives each session but the alert Lady Tweedsmuir was one of the successes of this past one.

Though informal little get-togethers are in the Delegates' Lounge, most of the bigger parties occur away from the giant skyscraper building in Manhattan. There is a distinct effort towards something more imaginative than the eternal diplomatic cocktail parties. Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the man who sends more desperate telegrams round the world than anybody else, has given the odd picnic lunch at his country place at Brewster, about 60 miles from New York. Mr. Freddie Boland & Mrs. Boland (she's artist Frances Kelly who did the much-commented-on mural in the diningroom of Dublin's Russell Hotel) like to entertain with Hungarian musicians at their apartment. After supper it's on with the dance.

Mr. Adlai Stevenson has the good fortune that the most attractive New York hostesses offer their homes to entertain him and his friends. How does he avoid the deleterious effects of such adulation? To this he replies with a typical bit of what is becoming known as Stevensoniana: "*It's perfectly all right so long as you don't inhale.*" Last week Mrs. Albert Lasker, Metropolitan Opera supporter and collector of fine paintings, offered her home for a Stevenson ball. To this he asked more than 100 Latin-American delegates and their wives, and the most-heard comment was that this was one party where one could not be buttonholed indefinitely by a bore delegate. The next dance always offered the most gracious of escape.

Up on the 38th floor of the U.N. building, where two men (the President and the Secretary-General) often keep the night lights blazing while they work alone in an otherwise deserted skyscraper, I talked to the President, Mr. Boland. "The biggest change in my six years here has been the coming of the new countries," he said. "They used to be somewhere in the 70s and now there are 99." The building is now being arranged to accommodate 120 nations and this is considered to make it adequate for the next five years at least.

Another problem is that the new members make such long speeches. They have added months to the normal session. "The older countries like Sweden and Britain make their points in the shortest time," Mr. Boland said. "The newcomers feel they have got to give us 2,000 years of history before getting to the point."

My last call (at the suggestion of a friend) was on a Chinese, a former diplomat who had left his country after the Communists took over. Now he runs the cleaning from the basement. He has settled well into this job and has obviously appraised it with diplomatic skill. These were his words: "Keeping up with the dust at the U.N. is big business. It requires a flexible schedule and an expanding budget!"



The Queen and Pope John XXIII, with King Faisal II of Iraq, during the Pope's recent address to the Throne Room. The meeting took place on the day of the King's three-day State Visit to Rome.

Mrs. Hugh Leggatt and Lady Beamish, wife of Sir Tufton Beamish, M.P. for Lewes



Lady Rotherwick at the exhibition with Lady James Crichton-Stuart



The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston & her daughter Primrose



PRIVATE VIEW

People at Burlington House for the Season's formal start

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Mr. John Profumo, Secretary of State for War, & Mrs. Profumo



Miss Pauline Vogelpoel, the secretary of the Contemporary Art Society



Miss Jane Barlow beside a painting by T. S. Lowry



Mr. Paul Getty—a keen appraisal

SUMMER PRIZEGIVING

Fidel Castro has been awarded the 1960 Lenin Peace Prize for outstanding services in the struggle to preserve world peace. By this reckoning a whole new range of awards becomes possible. At the outset of the season of prizegiving the following are hereby proposed for honours:

CANDIDATE	CITATION
The Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy	For fostering the spirit of adventure in art
The second Lord Stansgate	For taking a disinterested stand on an issue of vital national importance
Miss Alma Cogan	For consistently conservative taste in evening dress
Mr. Ernest Marples	For shunning personal publicity
Mr. Noel Coward	For furthering the cause of the Avant Garde theatre
Mr. Frank Cousins	For unremitting efforts towards Labour Party unity
Mr. Cliff Richard	For contributions to raising the standards of contemporary music
Colonel Mobutu	For conscientiously sustaining the principle of the freedom of the subject
Mr. Wolf Mankowitz	For taking the rough with the smooth in critical notices of his own productions
Mr. Iain Macleod	For his unrivalled facility for winning friends and influencing White settlers
Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge	For self-effacement in conducting TV interviews with celebrities
The London dockworkers	For round-the-clock dedication to making London the port most likely to succeed

THE ENGLISH WAY WITH WATERWORKS

written & photographed by Cynthia Ellis

Heaven provided the poor sodden English with too much falling water for them to feel like making decorative downpours. If Piccadilly had been on the Continent, Eros would have been drenched in an incessant shower of civic water. And who but the British would so dryly have underplayed their Parliament Square?

But apart from the endless rain, I suspect there is another reason why the English are undemonstrative with water. With one foot still in the Dark Ages, have we never quite lost the awe that is due to a source? Anyone who still retains a trace of healthy pantheism knows that springs are sacred and treats them with an Orphic respect. You may use them to quench your thirst—after all the institution of the drinking fount is as old as Babylon if not as old as the hills—but to take water and force it to dance to your tune is another matter.

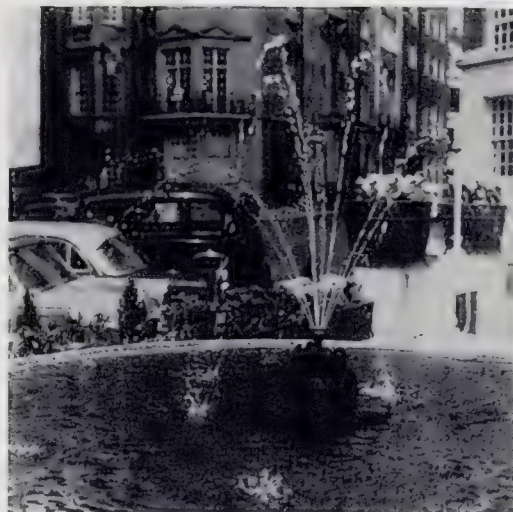
Fountains for Fun is an Italian concept. It was the senators and businessmen of the Roman Empire who started the outrage; in their formal gardens they trapped water and made it play games to amuse them like the lions and gladiators in the arena. The aristocrats of the Renaissance revived and developed the idea; magnificently, until the four elements of marble, cypress, blue sky and towering water had become an art form in their own right. The Villa d'Este was its masterpiece, and works in the same tradition are the fountains of Versailles, Fontainebleau and the Palace of Sans Souci. They are grandiose, superb, but insensitive. Overweening pride reached its height in the 20th century with the Jetée des Eaux Vives at Geneva, a spout 300 feet high, competing brashly with the surrounding hills.

You can see the struggle between the Italian and the native school of water everywhere in England. The classical symmetry of Kensington Gardens contrasts with the mysterious cataract in its glade at Bowood. Look at London's Battersea Park, where a limpid stream drops in and out of dark rock pools not a hundred yards away from a chorus of chlorinated spouts that play to order like performing seals; almost as dismal as that West End restaurant where walls of fountains used to splash in and out of a sordid trough.

London does have some real fountains too,

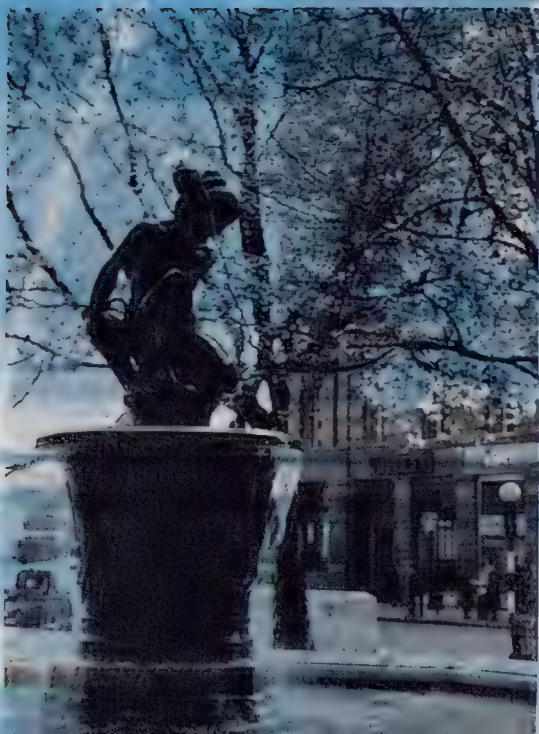
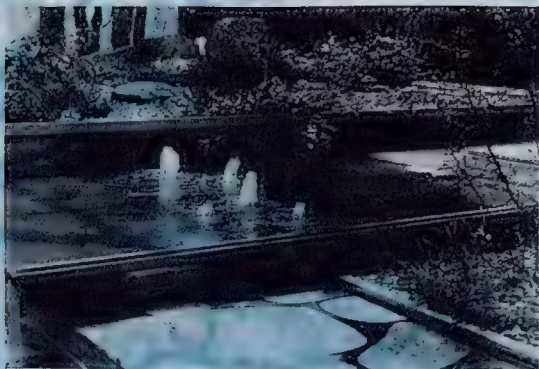
oracular and refreshing as they should be. Best of all is the slippery girl in Sloane Square, where the water sluices quietly down and pigeons come to drink. And, surprisingly, within sound of the buses of Oxford Street is the water garden of the new Sanderson building, like a pool at the foot of an eight-storey cliff, with three gurgling spouts and a small waterfall.

England's modest way with waterworks comes directly from the moats of medieval castles and the fish ponds of the monasteries. Our 18th-century landscape architects were on the whole gentle with their lakes and streams; and gardeners today still like an unruffled surface to plant their Emily Grant Hutchings water lilies. To the disturbing show of big fountains, we really at heart prefer the placid art of fishing and a sedge-lined pond where the widgeon fly in at dusk.



Spouting dolphin in Regent Park and (above) the fountain and pool outside the Dorchester's main entrance

Fountain in Kensington Gardens with (superimposed, clockwise from top) water garden from the Sanderson building in Berners Street, single jet of the Middle Temple's Fountain Court, Sanderson's waterfall, Hyde Park's Boy & Dolphin opposite Grosvenor House, and the fountain in Sloane Square





Settings by self

When the people who design stage sets go home, what sort of sets do they design for themselves to live against? ILSE GRAY and photographer SANDRA LOUSADA visited four leading theatrical designers to find out





Margaret Harris, with her sister Sophie and a friend in America, designs under the professional name Motley. Her recent work includes *Ross* and *The Lady from the Sea*. She lives in a large studio, once a ballroom, built on to an early Edwardian house in Earls Court Square. Here she does her initial designs. Junk shops have yielded much of her furniture during the search for stage props. Vertical paper emphasizes the height of her tiny hall (bottom right), and the etched glass windows in the kitchen (right) are original fittings



Loudon Sathill (opposite) shares a family house in Chester Street. An Australian painter, he took up designing for the stage when he came over here 10 years ago. His sets for the Crippen musical *Belle*, which had its première this month, were generally thought to be the best thing in the show. Discrimination as a collector and designing ability merge in his rooms, which use furniture and decoration of various periods. His first-floor living room (the Duke of Norfolk planned the Coronation there) has bust of Marie Antoinette and Napoleonic wall plaques. The blinds are his own design. A Juan Gris painting (above) hangs on the fireplace wall





John & Margaret Bury are resident designers with Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop. They have been with the company since its early days. John designed *Sparrows Can't Sing*, *A Taste of Honey* and *Progress to the Park*, Margaret did the costumes for *The Hostage* in which she also acted. They collaborated on *Fings*. Now they live with their six-year-old son Christopher in the top half of an early Georgian house near Chigwell, Essex. All rooms in the flat lead from the square hall (top), painted white and deep mauve. Well-proportioned rooms and the Burys' use of colour point the charm of the flat. Most of their furniture has emerged from second-hand shops and Mrs. Bury has trained shopkeepers in Stratford East to keep back pieces they think she would like



Jocelyn Herbert lives in a studio flat in Chelsea. She works mainly at home and has converted the gallery which runs along the wall of the studio to this purpose. Most of her recent work has been for the Royal Court Theatre, and she has designed *Richard III* for Stratford-on-Avon (opening this month). She is the daughter of Sir Alan Herbert and has four children. Indoor plants, light and space characterize the flat, with colour added in bedspread and cushions. The fish and other mobiles came from America. A large continuous-burning stove provides plenty of heat during the winter.



Settings by self
concluded



Shall I pass with credit?

BY LORD KILBRACKEN



drawings by
JILL HARRIS

DRIVING recently in the country and chancing to pass (rather quickly) the main gates of Ashdown House, the following not irreverent thought came into my head: "I wonder if God will be like Mr. Arthur Evill. If so there's hope for me yet." Ashdown House was the educational establishment to which my loving parents sent me in time for my ninth birthday. In those days, whatever it may be now, Ashdown was prototypical of that unique institution, the English Prep School. Mr. Evill was its Head.

He was a brilliant teacher and gave me a grounding in maths which has stood me in good stead ever since. Also, he was a stern disciplinarian. He wielded his cane effectively and had, besides, two special punishments of his own, which he used in class rather frequently, to drive his lessons home. When Mr. Evill "wiggled" you, he caught hold of the short hairs behind whichever ear came handiest, and pulled them sharply back and forth, perhaps half-a-dozen or a dozen times, till he brought tears to your eyes (and sense supposedly into your head). Another favourite method was the "blue-pencil" treatment: a sharply reiterated *rat-tat-tat*—again just behind the ear—with the blunt, stumpy blue-pencil which he used to correct our work.

But more than anything it was Mr. Evill's system of *credits* and *debts*, rather than his corporal punishments, that put me in mind of God the other day. The system worked like this. For any misdemeanour, he or any other master would award what were known as conduct marks—any number from one to 10, according to the gravity of the offence. You got a debit for every five conduct marks, and a credit if you managed to get through a whole week, from Sunday to Sunday, with no conduct marks at all. Incidentally, you got automatically beaten (by Mr. Evill) if you amassed 30 conduct marks in a week, or if you committed an offence sufficiently heinous to be considered worth 10 conduct marks in itself.

Credits or debts could also be acquired if you showed distinction—or lack of it—in your work. An essay that pleased your English master, a successful Latin verse composition (first tackled by me at 11 or 12), or the correct solution of advanced algebraic problems might each be rewarded with one or more credits. On the other hand debts could be easily acquired for a bad prep, a succession of grammatical howlers, or a string of false quantities. Some masters, needless to say, were far more liberal than others. One, I remember, was nicknamed Spars because he sprinkled debts and conduct marks so freely (which shows what a classical bent we had). The popular and easy-going Mr. Richards, on the other hand, had a standing offer of three credits, no less, for anyone who could recite without

error the principal parts of *all* the irregular French verbs.

All conduct marks were entered in a big black book, obscurely known as the cube book, and totted up each Sunday. Credits and debts, as they were acquired, were entered against your name—credits to the left, debts to the right, just like a balance sheet—on a special board prominently and publicly displayed. Your balance, or your overdraft, would wax or wane as the weeks went by; and then, at the end of term, came the Day of Judgment.

Those with a credit balance went off for the whole day on a smashing treat. Heavenly! It might be to Sussex *v.* Kent at Brighton, to the Aldershot Tattoo, an international at Twickenham or a Test at Lord's; or it might simply involve the infinite delight of being allowed to do nothing all day, till the time came for a giant picnic in the hay-fields and a cinema in East Grinstead afterwards. I should guess on average, that 20 of the 50 boys in the school would qualify for this Credit Holiday—a higher proportion, I somehow fear, than those likely to reach Heaven when the Last Trump sounds.

As for the wretched debtors—those with more debts than credits or *the same number of each*—they spent the Credit Holiday in most hellish misery. There would be grinding work from dawn to night, bad enough at any time, but abominable when those pi swots of creditors, who'd been sucking up all term, were watching Frank Woolley hit a century in an hour.

Some boys were *always* creditors; some were always debtors. I cannot remember the name of the Goody Two-Shoes who went through term after term without ever even getting a conduct mark. There were brilliant boys who were *fairly* naughty, but never naughty enough to be debtors. And there were those, the majority, who were sometimes one, sometimes the other. I, inevitably, was one of these.

I well remember one term when I acquired 16 debts, a record. With a week to go, I had only 10 credits and the situation seemed hopeless. Then my luck changed: I achieved two Ms (for mathematics), an H (for history) and even, unbelievably, a C (for conduct) all on the right side. Like a flash, I got down to the French irregulars; Mr. Richards "heard" me, last thing at night, on the very eve of the holiday. I made one or two mistakes, but nobody can be *really* perfect, and Richy turned a deaf ear to them, as perhaps the archangels will. By next morning, 17 to 16, I was saved—and off, with the others, to paradise.

My life, ever since, has been very much like that; I suppose we never change. I may still, at the moment, be a debtor, but the term, I hope, has a few more weeks to run.



SHIPBOARD PARTY

Moored off Tower Pier, the cruise ship Delos welcomed guests for a supper dance



Mrs. Gautherin-Pinay & Prince Alexander Romanoff



Mr. Peter Nomikos, the host, and Prince Peter of Greece & Denmark



PHOTOGRAPHS:
A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. and Mrs. Piers Dixon. Top: Miss Edina Ronay, Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy & Miss Katherine Milinair

On the bridge: Miss Marianna Chrysichobulo (left) & Miss Raffaella Curiel with Captain D. Parissis, master of the Delos

The right place for your place

WHENEVER people get on in London, they want to get out of it. Those who just love the country are even willing to spend anything up to four hours a day in the train, setting off at eight in the morning and arriving home just in time to put on plus fours before dinner; never having an evening in London without having to arrange somewhere to stay; being looked down on as a "daily breeder" by the real country people. Those who just love the *idea* of the country have a weekend house. The thing to decide is whether you are a commuter type or a weekender.

The commuter enjoys neither town nor country; the weekender enjoys both. For a weekend house gives you Another Life. In London if you've not been invited to something which you should be, you can say: "*Actually, we don't bother much with London these days, we spend most of our time in Wiltshire.*" In the country, you can say: "*We're always so involved with things in London that we really only come here for a couple of days to recover.*" You can talk of your gay life in London during the week in a tone of voice that suggests that the County people are country bumpkins. A weekend house, as well as being a status symbol, can be a positive saving; for it enables you to reduce drastically your establishment in London. If you are living in a bed-sitter in Bayswater you say: "*This is only really a pied-à-terre for when we come up from Upton.*" You can make Upton sound like a stately home, whereas it might be only a cottage.

Cottages, in fact, are rather dated; gone with oak beams and warming-pans and all that is twee. "Weekend cottage" is now a loose term and, if we are to believe Mr. Stephen Potter, a term used aggressively by someone who does not possess a weekend house to someone who does. "*Are you going to your cottage this weekend?*" is a difficult thrust to parry. One can't very well say: "*It's a bit bigger than a cottage, you know.*"

Cottages are only smart at a resort associated with a particular activity. Forty years ago, when golf reigned supreme, it was smart to have a weekend cottage near one of the fashionable courses: Walton Heath was thick with Cabinet Ministers, peers and press barons.

Earlier still, there was the River. Before 1914, cottages on the River were the height of chic. Afterwards, weekends at Maidenhead became associated with easy virtue. Now it's just trippers. Yachting remains the one great excuse for a cottage. This is, in fact, Another Life within Another Life for it implies that you really live on your yacht, which assumes Onassis-like proportions, and that the cottage is merely a place to shelter when the weather's too bad or the crew's on holiday. In so far as any seaside resort can be *really* smart in this cold and stormy isle, it is all right to have a cottage at a place like Frinton, particularly if one has children. This suggests that the cottage is really for the brats to be parked when you yourselves head for a *real* seaside resort, like Venice.

If you can only afford something small, it is much better to get a flat. A flat in a well-known stately home or, better still, a flat in a country house belonging to a relation of yourself or your wife—not one of those flats in a converted Victorian white elephant in the Home Counties. The Home Counties, with one exception, are to be avoided for weekend houses. If you go there, you get mixed up with the daily commuters. County life has almost disappeared; and though it may take up to 15 years for people to know you in other parts of England, in Surrey and Kent your neighbours never will know you, any more than they would in London. But if you *must* have a cottage, the Home Counties are the best place for that. A cottage half an hour from Waterloo is much more fun than a cottage beyond Taunton!

My exception to the Home Counties rule is Essex, which is not much favoured by commuters. Essex isn't too expensive and is a friendly place; the weekender of moderate means would be well advised to buy a small manor house here or one of those nice old village houses (not cottages). Essex really belongs to what I call the Weekend Country, a broad belt between the Commuting Country and the Real Country. The Weekend Country has cheap parts where the weekenders look up to the County, and expensive parts where the County looks up to the weekenders. The cheap parts, as well as Essex, include Suffolk and at

and COUNTER SPY on the right things

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD MICROFILM: BARRY WARDER



Furnishing involves frequent and fascinating trips to second-hand dealers or crowded junk shops. London is littered with them, but there are sure to be some near your cottage—with cheaper prices maybe. MILLERS, in King's Road is a good haunt where floors of show-rooms are packed with a haphazard variety of second-hand and antique furniture. They also have a wide range of brass, copper and steel paraphernalia. Their rocking chair (left) comes from a range starting at about £5. This one, needing some attention, cost £8. The paraffin lamp was picked up for just £1 in a Sussex junk shop. Smart, striped cotton rugs for cold stone floors are from 42s. at BETTY HOPE, Beauchamp Place, and LIBERTYS have a colourful collection of Indian Nundah rugs from £2 7s. 6d. as well as a wide selection of Spanish matting. MARLEY do-it-yourself tiles from 10s. to £1 a yard are useful too. More inexpensive rugs are at EVA HAUSER, Finchley Road, who also has smart Hong Kong cane furniture such as a shell rocking chair and small table, £3 18s. each. Greatest fun are auction sales, prominently advertised in local papers. For Londoners there are DRUCE, Baker Street (furniture and carpets every Friday) and BONHAM'S, Montpelier Galleries (furniture on Thursdays, carpets every other Wednesday). Both have viewing days beforehand.

Suitable additions include this sensible and cheap log basket, £2 8s. from the EATON BAG COMPANY, Manette

Street. They also have washable heatproof rush mats (2s. 6d. each) and attractive bread baskets and platters at 10s. JOHN LEWIS and PETER JONES offer a varied collection of cushions to help any sitting-room: pretty gingham or striped chintz ones are 12s. 11d. and 13s. 11d. respectively. Linen is an important addition and—apart from the twice-yearly sales—F. P. BAKER at 2 Upper James Street, Golden Square, W.1, can supply it very cheaply. They are exporters and by cutting down overheads and profits sell anything from wooden



in the country *by Mark Bence-Jones*

the far end of the belt, Somerset. In these counties one can cut quite a dash with a few acres and a small manor house, a modernized farmhouse, or an old mill. But as you go west from Suffolk and into the shires, the belt gets more and more expensive. It gets more expensive still as it turns south into Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire; but slightly cheaper in Wiltshire and Dorset. Then steadily more expensive eastwards through Hampshire, ending with the most expensive of all, West Sussex. I should say "Sussex," which to everybody who lives in West Sussex means West Sussex only; to them, East Sussex, the resort of the commuter, does not exist.

In the expensive Weekend Country, the weekender is king; for the real County people aren't as rich as he is. I know an immense stately home that has belonged to the same family since almost the Conquest. It is now rather decayed and its owners live quietly and drive an old Austin. If you approach it along one drive, you pass, after half a mile of ruts, rough grass and dozed ancestral trees, a surprising oasis: a shaved carpet of lawn with clipped hedges surrounding a small house, and outside this stands a Bentley. This is the old steward's house—now let, together with the Home Farm, to rich weekenders. The rich weekenders often lunch at the great house which looms sadly in the distance. On leaving, they say: "Well! Back to London tomorrow! I'm lucky for you to be able to stay put!" But when their guests' Bentley has glided away across the forecourt, the squire and his lady go to bed knowing that tomorrow, when they are still having to wash up, the weekenders will be eating at the Ritz. It makes them conscious of their inferiority.

One would imagine that people rich enough to be able to live in the expensive Weekend Country would not need to be advised how to go about it. But though money will buy Bentleys and velvet smoking jackets, it takes more than that to live in these exclusive parts. One must know the rules and have certain accomplishments. A big house is not necessary; an old mill will do perfectly well; but it needs to be attached to it 300 acres and a pedigree herd. I know several rich

people who are social failures—they never thought of getting any land.

Then there is the mistake of being too much tied up with one's job. People who live in the expensive Weekend Country must not have to be back at work on Monday morning. On the other hand, they should not go down to the country till as late as possible on Friday afternoon, as this implies that they have servants to cook the dinner for the dinner party which they will almost certainly be having.

In a belt of country dominated by Cowdray Park and Cirencester Park it is a pretty good thing to play polo. Unfortunately money alone will not make a man into a polo-player, which may be why so many turn to hunting instead. Being rich does not make falling off any less painful, but there is still an escape for the tycoon. If he can't ride horses he can race them.

The person who neither hunts, races nor plays polo and who is interested in the arts should choose Wiltshire or Dorset; in which case his weekend house must be Georgian and of exquisite charm. He must be careful not to be fobbed off with something Tudor; what house agents call "a wealth of oak" will set his own wealth at naught. His garden must be perfect, too, with lead busts and a temple or orangery painted in the manner of Rex Whistler.

The very rich indeed might explore beyond the Weekend Country into Norfolk. In Norfolk, the standard of living is as high as in Gloucestershire; and it is also necessary to buy a full-sized country mansion (a farmhouse or old mill won't do). Also, whereas 300 acres may be enough in West Sussex, in Norfolk it must be at least 3,000. Finally, it is essential to be connected to at least one of a dozen well-known Norfolk families. A millionaire who fancies a weekend house in Norfolk should first of all study *The Book*; if he can't tie himself in to any of these families (and considering how widespread they are, it isn't so difficult) he would be well advised to go somewhere else.

But perhaps you'll decide after all to commute from a cottage at Kingston-on-Thames and spend your weekends inhaling the air—and talk contemptuously of friends who live at Richmond as "townees."



spoons to luggage at less than the shops. A single pair of white cotton sheets from 43s. 6d. to 72s. 11d.; single white or coloured blanket with whipped ends £2 19s. They have excellent value in cutlery and glass too, as well as a wide range of lightweight metal framed chairs and chaise-longues for the garden.

Kitchen equipment should include this practical and pretty French ovenware, terracotta coloured, glazed inside. Stewpots from 14s. 6d., casseroles (five sizes) from 9s. 11d. Oval glazed casserole in brown and mustard from 13s. 11d. to enormous size at 27s. 9d. All at JOHN LEWIS, WOOLWORTHS and F. P. BAKER are good for basic kitchen ware and cottages which are

not equipped with electricity or gas can always be fitted with CALOR GAS. Stoves, water-heating appliances, a special iron and refrigerators (ASTRAL and ELECTROLUX) will operate from it.

Fabrics which are apt for cottages include coarse linen for upholstery, in pretty colours by Time Present Fabrics at 19s. 6d. a yard, 50 inches wide from LIBERTYS. Intelligent use of such apparently inappropriate fabrics as ticking (striped, 58 in. wide, 9s. 11d. a yard—backing the casseroles in the picture), vividly striped or plain canvas (17 in. to 54 in. wide from 4s. 11d. to 17s. 11d.) or small or large checked gingham (4s. 11d. and 6s. 11d. a yard) can produce attractive curtains and upholstery. All from JOHN LEWIS. Brass curtain rods will be cut to length while you wait at SELFRIDGES—2s. 1d. a foot with "stops" for either end.

China for the cottage could include this beautiful dinner service decorated with brightly plumaged birds and flowers; 19 gns. for six people, from the FINE BONE CHINA REJECT SHOP in Beauchamp Place. Here there is an enormous, pretty and ever-changing stock of export reject china from top English firms. Largest range—plain white china with some meat plates at 4s. 11d. each. Other comprehensive collections include Harlequin coloured cups, plates and fireproof ovenware in white, brown or gold. Dinner services start at £6 10s., tea services from about 3 gns.,

coffee cups and saucers about 2s. 6d. each. Inexpensive earthenware, breakfast and luncheon sets are attractive at WOOLWORTHS, while JOHN LEWIS and PETER JONES always have blue or yellow Cornish ware in stock.



THE INFINITE VARIETY OF WHITE

Summer fashions need sun-drenched settings—a castle in Spain, a time-worn temple on a fabled Greek island. But this year the east came west in the mirage-like shape of Cleopatra's ancient seaport of Alexandria rising improbably in six acres of Buckinghamshire fields near Pinewood film studios. Antony Norris photographed the summer clothes in classic white against dazzling backgrounds of temples, palaces, obelisks and a giant Sphinx before the scene breakers moved in to reduce them all to so much lath and plaster. They will rise again in Hollywood this summer when shooting begins at last on the Todd-AO production with Elizabeth Taylor as the queen





Easy living in linen & leather

Backed by an Alexandrian obelisk (above) Horrockses white linen and Terylene sheath dress has a slightly bloused top and a deep V of ecru silk embroidery that emphasizes the neck and completely covers the belt. The gold necklet by Cis of Paris has tassels of coral and is worn with gold tassel ear-rings. The white leather jacket by Roberto Capucci (opposite page) zips up the front and is worn with a pair of white linen and Terylene slacks and white leather sandals. The cascade necklace of multi-coloured semi-precious stones is also made by Cis of Paris. Full details of prices and stockists for all the clothes shown are listed on page 414



THE INFINITE VARIETY OF WHITE

CONTINUED

Crêpe & man-made fibres

The arrival of Caesar's galley in the port of Alexandria confirmed a triumph as complete as that achieved by this summer's new swimsuits. The one above was modelled on Roman tunic lines by Rose Marie Reid of California in pleated white crêpe shirred with elastic at the back of the bodice. A hem-length jacket (not shown) goes with it. Triumph too for Rima Casuals whose collarless long-line jacket suit (left) is made in washable white bouclé Rimanyl.

The jacket can be worn with or without its tie belt and the skirt is fully lined.

Gold chain and woven sphere are by Cis of Paris who also made the jewellery above





Lines in moulded fabrics

The Greeks had a hand in the architecture of Cleopatra's Egypt and the same graceful lines are evident in Roter's dress (above) of figure-moulding white silk jersey that falls into a flying panel at the back. The sheath is encrusted with gold and crystal embroidery. Soft flowing lines too for Frank Usher's short evening dress (right) in white crêpe with a wide flared skirt, moulded bodice and loosely bloused back. The waist is defined with a self-belt highlighted by a huge brooch of semi-precious stones by Cis of Paris who also made the jewellery worn above. Golden kid sandals in both pictures are by Dolcis



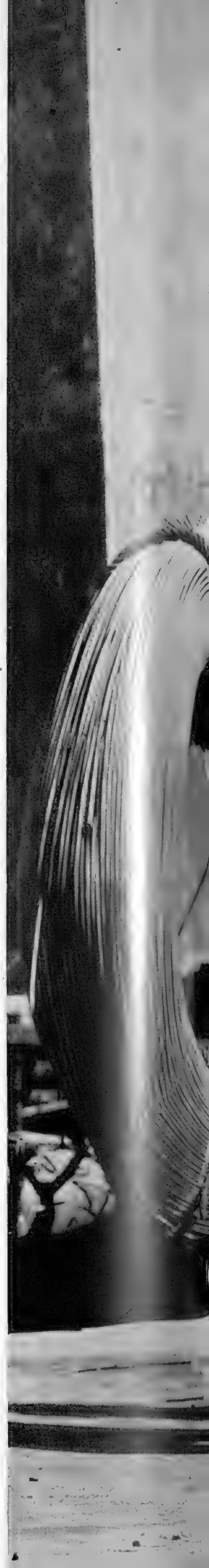


Lightweights and crease-resisters

Relaxation on the palace steps (above) in Claire Cobden's dress of white Tricel, creaseless and easily washed. The skirt is permanently pleated and has two hip pockets. There is a fully-lined jacket (not shown) which fastens with huge pearl buttons and when worn with the dress gives the appearance of a suit. Tennis outfits (opposite page) are by Teddy Tinling. The tunic of white Terylene shows Greek inspiration with its short all-round pleated skirt falling from a low waist outlined with a trimming of the key pattern in gold and white. The shorts (far right) are of white cape skin with the key pattern embroidered in purple up the sides of the leg. Matching cape skin cardigan hides a white cotton shirt worn with a purple cummerbund. Gilt slave bangles linked with gold chain come from Presents, Dover St., W.1

**THE
INFINITE
VARIETY
OF
WHITE**

CONTINUED





Jersey emphasized by jewels

Against an antique background dominated by a Sphinx that's not as solid as it looks, two modern short evening dresses of softly draping white jersey parade on the Alexandria waterfront re-created at Pinewood. The gently bloused bodice of the Gina Couture dress (right) is gathered into a basque that falls into a side drape; the neckline is richly jewelled with bugle beads, pearls and rhinestones. Susan Small's white jersey dress (far right) is also heavily jewelled and has a rounded neckline dropping into a low cross-over V at the back. The belt is embroidered to match the neckline, the skirt cut with wide flares. The six-acre film set complete with artificial harbour, Roman galleys and imported palm trees cost more than a million pounds. Delays and final abandonment of plans to film in England due to Miss Taylor's illness pushed production costs still higher

THE INFINITE VARIETY OF WHITE

CONCLUDED

Shopping for white: on this page—

White jersey dress by Gina Couture at Barri-Moore, Knightsbridge, S.W.1; Jenners Edinburgh; Gertrude Read, Torquay, about 25½ gns. White jersey dress by Susan Small at Woollands, S.W.1; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; County Clothes, Cheltenham. Price, 17½ gns.

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White leather jacket by Capucci at Harrods, Knightsbridge, £25 4s. White linen and Terylene slacks at Harrods, 5½ gns. Cis necklace at Presents, Dover Street, W.1, 55 gns. Sandals at Dolcis Branches, 29s. 11d. Horrockses dress at Liberty, Regent Street, W.1; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Betty Ann, Hinckley, Leicestershire, 11½ gns. Cis necklet and ear-rings at Presents, Dover Street, W.1, 9 gns. each

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Swimsuit at Harrods, Knightsbridge, with jacket 19 gns. Cis necklet and bracelet at Presents, Dover Street, 21 gns. the set. Frank Usher crêpe dress at Derry & Toms, W.8; Leaders, Leeds; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, 15 gns. Multi-coloured stone clip brooch & matching ear-rings at Presents, Dover Street, 35 gns. Gold kid sandals at Dolcis branches, £4 9s. 11d. Silk jersey dress by Roter at Debenham & Freebody, W.1; Hammonds, Hull; John Moses, Newcastle-on-Tyne, about 43 gns. Multi-coloured necklet by Cis at Presents, Dover Street, W.1, 60 gns. Bouclé suit by Rima Casuals at Tracey's, New Bond St., W.1; Leaders, Leeds; Diana Warren, Blackpool, 16 gns. Gold sphere and chain at Presents, Dover St., 15 gns.

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White Tricel dress by Claire Cobden at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W.1; Bentalls, Kingston; Dingles, Plymouth, about 10 gns. White Terylene tennis dress by Teddy Tinling at Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, about £10 5s. White capeskin shorts & cardigan by Teddy Tinling made to order at Harrods, about 30 gns.





Talking about Cleopatra

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

More monkey-business with Cleopatra, I see. And it is not the celebrated sequence of cinematic events at Alexandria-Pinewood about which I am clucking and eyebrow-raising. It is not even the transatlantic sequel. The picture may have had more than the usual misfortunes, but that is all straight normal stuff used over and over again by everyone who has written a satirical story about the motion picture industry. No, the menace I'm referring to lurks a little further off in the undergrowth. I mean, there's this American professor who has just fired off yet another book of the kind that tells you that the supposed glamour-puss of the Old Nile was probably quite short on allure but had qualities that in steadier times would have won esteem for her as a county councillor and ultimately disembarked her safe and sound on a life peerage.

As I see it, this is a danger signal for women. My advice is: "Watch out; keep a lynx eye on this trend." The point is that, though their grip has slipped here and there, men still have the history-writing game under pretty taut control. They may assume a servile stance towards the emancipated woman of today, often implying that in their view men have just about had it and should resign themselves to sinking as decorously as possible into a hole in the ground. But all the time they are scheming to fiddle about with history in a way calculated to get everyone confused and uneasy about women as such, thus fatally de-stabilizing their currency.

Watch, just for a minute, the male audience reactions to this de-glamorizing stuff about the Ptolemy girl. Three clear types are immediately noted. There is the man who merely sighs and shrugs with more or less chagrin and goes on to ask whether anyone has seen anything of Nell Gwyn or Lola Montez lately. Others say they are glad to hear this about Cleopatra because, as for them, it was her brain that had always been the attraction. Is it likely that a keen field-marshal like Antony would have fallen for the class of caper Shakespeare goes on about so? "*Lascivious wassails*" indeed. One doesn't say Shakespeare was actually sex-mad, but like most writers (and all Elizabethans) he had a coarse streak in him. What Antony, in fact, rather liked about Cleopatra was the efficient way she put his notes on "Leader hip" together.

Then, the third type of man—and this is where I particularly urge the attention of my women

readers. The third type of man goes to pieces at once with trying to cling to the picture where there's this young woman sitting in this burnished barge, see, with purple sails so perfumed that "*the winds were love-sick with them*," and she's certainly good-looking—"o'er-picturing," in fact, "*that Venus where we see the fancy out-work nature*" and all that. But you don't want to get the wrong idea. What she was probably thinking about at the moment when the silver oars were making "*the water which they beat to follow faster, as amorous of their strokes*" was this new catchment drainage scheme for the Delta that everyone had been talking about at dinner.

Obviously what the professor and his like are really after is to produce this third type of reaction, and then make it sound ridiculous. They are aware, of course, that most women are both beautiful and highly intelligent and are getting more so year by year. Also, women can recline under a cloth-of-gold pavilion in the equivalent of a burnished barge without, in any true sense of the word, going overboard. And it is the realization of this that makes a certain type of man so scared.

He reads, for instance, with a nod of approval for the way women are justifying the education they get nowadays, of how the Industrial Social Service Board at Recife, Brazil, chose as most suitable citizen for the post of Secretary of the Board a married woman of 26—a Mrs. Terezhina Souza. Interested in what Mrs. Souza (so successfully combining marriage with her career) does in her spare time, he learns that she just loves to dance. Solo . . . dressed as a harem concubine . . . on a tabletop . . . with a lot of other young women dancing on top of a lot of neighbouring tables . . . surrounded by men oozing wines and spirits . . . carrying a little bomb of ether . . . squirting her husband with it when she spies him among the spectators packing the Municipal Theatre of Rio de Janeiro at Carnival time. And so back to Recife and a satisfying worthwhile stint with the Industrial Social Service Board.

This jealous, mean-spirited kind of man we are talking about finds news of this tenor unnerving. He tries to tell himself that he would think nothing of taking an evening off from his job on the Downhampton Trade Development Board to go dancing on a tabletop at the local Grand Hotel dressed as a caveman and pelting the

onlookers with pep-pills—but he knows, deep down inside, that that's just self-deception. In other words, Mrs. Terezhina Souza—and the mother of three who was dancing bare-middled on the next table—have something that he just hasn't got. And who can confidently assert that Mrs. Souza is not a quite ordinary, all-round type of woman such as you are apt to meet any day changing her book at the Downhampton public library?

The comforting thing about Cleopatra is that unlike Mrs. Souza she isn't alive, and can't confirm the facts. So when someone chooses to hint, in a sly, researching sort of way, that if she was as sharp-witted as historian Josephus suggested she can't have been as sexy as Shakespeare makes out, nobody but alert women of today, aware of the implications of these slanderous imputations, is going to answer back.

Lucrezia Borgia is another case in point. What has to be looked out for and nailed as a lie is any suggestion by male historians that she couldn't have been both stunningly beautiful and a first-rate dispensing chemist with a medical know-how well ahead of her times.

A nasty warning of what can be achieved by men tunnelling away along these lines is afforded by the thing that happened to Mata Hari. Operating briefly in World War One she became, for young men of my generation, the true personification of the beautiful woman spy. Though wicked she was, we understood, not only beautiful but devilishly clever—well grounded alike in politics, naval construction, trends in artillery theory, and how to interpret the secret plans for the spring offensive in a few minutes while the high official from the War Office was talking to the waiter about bringing more champagne to the *cabaret particulier*. It was years before I read somewhere that though she may have been rather attractive, if you cared for the type, she was certainly below average intelligence.

Then, after several further years during which I had still kept alive an image of this ravishing brunette—wrong-headed, I grant you, dumb, apparently, but almost insupportably seductive—some other researcher produced a lot of so-called evidence to prove that she was as plain as an old shoe.

Just for a start, the women's defence committees, which ought to be springing up everywhere, should agitate for the withdrawal from bookstalls and libraries of any work of fiction which, on introducing to the reader a woman spy, fails to impress on the reader the fact that she is (a) as lovely as springtime in Paradise, (b) as smart as a barrel of monkeys, (c) essentially on our side.

Mothers, too, should firmly indoctrinate their children about women of the past. Everyone knows Lady Godiva had a heart of gold. Otherwise we are going to have some gossipy annalist reporting a hitherto unknown statement by Peeping Tom to the effect that she hadn't been so much to look at after all.



Fabulous new jewellery from America

Now in Britain for the first time is jewellery by Arthur King, the American who designed Elizabeth Taylor's jewellery for Cleopatra. Mr. King uses precious and semi-precious stones excitingly, setting them either in white or real gold moulded to frame stones of unusual shape—sometimes uncut. Examples illustrated (all exclusively at Fortnum & Mason): Bracelet of five Indian emeralds (above) set in 18-carat

gold highlighted by diamonds and redolent of ancient Egyptian design (£635). The ring of 18-carat gold holds a large cabochon emerald, also highlighted with pinpricks of diamonds (£465). Left: Enormous blue baroque pearl (pearls are King's favourites) surrounded with diamonds in heavy 18-carat gold frame (£1,000). Bracelet in 18-carat gold moulded into fronds to frame the irregular freshwater pearl (£1,200)

NIGHT

and

DAY

Drawings

by

Jill Harris



Nylon stays first choice for lingerie. It is used (far left) for an Empire line nightdress in which a 15 denier in the colours shown is mounted over a toning 30. Matching negligée (not shown) is also in two weights of the same nylon. Debenham & Freebody, nightie £8 10s., negligée, 14 gns.

Mauve flowers on a white ground printed on 15 denier and mounted on a plain 30 denier make Marshall & Snelgrove's nightdress (left). The matching negligée in the same two layers of nylon has gathered elbow-length sleeves. Nightdress, 8½ gns. negligée £13 19s. 6d.

Fairytale nightie of fine 15 denier white nylon edged with nylon lace ruffles has a broad insert of appliquéd nylon lace at the waist. There is a matching negligée (not shown). From Debenham & Freebody who have both in several other colours, £6 10s. & £9 19s. 6d. respectively

Petticoat of stiffened nylon chiffon from Debenham & Freebody, £7 2s. 6d. White nylon bra with nylon lace inserts by Exquisite Form for wear under summer dresses. Jays, Oxford Circus, fittings 32-36 in. A & 32-40 in. B & C, price 16s.

Housecoat in closely woven striped cotton (royal blue, peacock and white or black, grey and white) is ground-length with two deep pockets and white frilled organza trimmings. Designed and made by Angela Gore, on sale at Woollands, S.W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham; Dalys, Glasgow, price: 5 gns.





Child refugee (Jill Haworth),
in *Exodus* (see *Films*)



The confident arrogance of a young terrorist of the Irgun gang expressed by Sal Mineo

VERDICTS



The only Gentile with unqualified appeal (Eva Marie Saint)

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Progress To The Park. Saville Theatre. (Tom Bell, Billie Whitelaw, Patrick Magee, Brian McDermott)

Star-crossed love in Liverpool

SQUARES WITH A CONSERVATIVE mistrust of the "new drama" may be gently pressed to see what they make of the latest specimen—**Progress To The Park**, which commercial television has commendably helped to bring in from Theatre Workshop to the Saville. There are plenty of faults in a piece which tries to convey what it is like for young Protestants and Catholics to grow up cheek by jowl in the dockside streets of Liverpool. Those who have not yet discarded the superstition that a play ought to be dramatic will not fail to notice these faults and to be irritated by them. Yet in spite of these irritations they are still likely to find in the uninhibited talk of these youngsters much that is likeable, amusing and even significant, and they will be rewarded at the end by one scene of really good drama.

There is nothing angry about the boys and girls for whose idiomatic talk Mr. Alun Owen has an excellent ear. It is their parents who are angry, and their anger is something they have inherited from their traditional Ulster Protestantism or their Southern Irish Catholicism. According to their simple ideas, a Catholic is someone who goes in for a large family in order that he may get a better share in public housing,

and a Protestant is someone who pretends to be a good workman in order that he may get a better share of whatever employment is about.

These older people hate by rote, and they hate above all things the idea of a "mixed" marriage. All that youth really absorbs from this atmosphere is a sort of Montague and Capulet relationship to each other. They move about the streets, the pubs and the parks in company and get on pretty well together until some chance word reminds them that they belong to rival packs and then there is likely to be a scuffle. But a girl with a pretty face and good legs, or a well set up boy, finds it easy to forget that one is a Catholic and the other a Protestant. So that the trouble between parents and children is usually more savage than the trouble that comes and goes between those who are really too busy growing up to take traditional shibboleths seriously.

Mr. Owen lets all his characters talk their heads off. The bitter old Orangeman spits out his contempt for the Catholics next door and the Catholic mother is reduced to near-hysteria by the suspicion that her daughter may have been out walking in the park with the young merchant sailor who has just come home from sea. The daughter, a good sensible Lancashire lass, does her best to pacify the fierce old lady and when her best is obviously not good enough flings herself out of the house in a fret. Meanwhile the boys verbosely swop their limited experiences of life, and discuss the beer and the girls with a knowingness and a freedom that are always likely to spark off a row.

Entertaining much of this talk may be, but it develops little or no tension. Mr. Owen is satisfied for the greater part of the evening to copy the technique of the documentary film.

But when at last he comes to

shape his "slice of life" to a dramatic point he does remarkably well. The Catholic girl Mag has been in love with her Protestant sailor for so long as she can remember. While he has been absent at sea she has reminded herself of him by walking out with several of his friends simply because they were his friends. With one exception, they have known their place as substitutes and have understood the occasional good-natured kiss as a Pickwickian gesture on her part. She was thinking all the time of the absent Bobby.

But Bobby, when he comes home and comes to hear of her seeming

promiscuity, cannot be made to understand that it was only a form of vicarious love. And so Mag's love comes sadly to nothing. Miss Billie Whitelaw beautifully conveys that the girl's love was a true one and at the same time that its waste on a rather stupid fellow is no great matter. It is just one of those things. She will come to remember it with tender pity for her first lover's obtuseness; and he will one day kick himself for his blindness.

Mr. Tom Bell, as the tirelessly garrulous Welshman, Mr. Norman Rossington and Mr. Michael Coles as his fellow gossips and Mr. Patrick Magee all give good performances.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Exodus. Director Otto Preminger. (Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Ralph Richardson, Peter Lawford, Sal Mineo).

The Big Gamble. Director Richard Fleischer. (Stephen Boyd, Juliette Greco, David Wayne, Sybil Thorndike, Gregory Ratoff.)

The World By Night. Director Luigi Vanzi. (Documentary.)

See the Britishers bite the dust

I HAVE NOT READ THE BOOK BY Mr. Leon Uris upon which **Exodus** is based, and having seen Mr. Otto Preminger's film, all three hours and 40 minutes of it, I have no intention of ploughing through the written work—which by all accounts has an even stronger anti-British bias. Mr. Dalton Trumbo's script is

sufficiently offensive to do me, thank you.

His story of how the Jewish people won themselves a home and—the State of Israel—in the face of opposition from the British, blames us for the muddle in Palestine. It does not, however, show us up as deliberate, damned villains or suggest that we behaved brutally to the 30,000 Jews whom we intercepted on their way from Europe to Palestine and interned on Cyprus.

Apart from one rabidly anti-Semitic British major (Mr. Peter Lawford), who suspects his C.O. (Sir Ralph Richardson) of being a secret Jew simply because the old boy expresses sympathy with the internees, nobody on our side is at all obnoxious. We are represented rather as a stolid lot doing a job with sterling incompetence—and so dumb that it's difficult to understand why the Jews so vehemently hate our guts.

Mr. Paul Newman, an agent of Hagannah, arriving in Cyprus to strike a blow for his people, runs rings round the British military, pulls off a daring coup, forces our hand—and sails triumphantly for Palestine in the ship *Exodus*, with

some 600 Jewish refugees aboard. They are a mixed bag from all parts of Europe but they have one thing in common: they are, without exception, heroic.

In Palestine, we meet Mr. Newman's father, Mr. Lee J. Cobb, who lives in the utmost amity with his Arab neighbour, Mr. John Derek. Mr. Cobb belongs to Haagannah, which strongly disapproves of the use of force as a means to achieving independence. His brother, Mr. David Opatoshu, is head of the Irgun, the terrorist organization—and Mr. Cobb is so disgusted with him that he prefers to regard him as dead. But see how things turn out.

When Mr. Opatoshu is arrested by the British and condemned to death for his share in blowing up the King David Hotel (killing 91 people), Mr. Cobb prays fervently "God, don't let my brother die at the end of a British rope." He hates us, just like everybody else. Mr. Newman and Mr. Sal Mineo spectacularly demolish half the prison in which Mr. Opatoshu is held and rescue him, causing more unnecessary bloodshed, as he dies anyway.

It is now the turn of the Arabs to be exposed as wicked trouble-makers. Under the leadership of an ex-officer of Hitler's army (Mr. Marius Goring), Syrian commandos harry the Jews—who now decide unanimously that they will have to fight and fight and fight to hold the land. They are determined to make their own, so that (as Mr. Newman says, somewhat to my bewilderment) Jews and Arabs will one day be able to live there side by side, in peace.

Miss Eva Marie Saint gives a persuasive performance as the one Gentleman whom everybody loves and little Miss Jill Haworth, as a young Jewish girl from Denmark, is very sweet and touching, particularly in the scene of her reunion with the father who cannot recognize her.

But it is the impression of Jewish hatred for the British that stays most obstinately in my mind. Never really, "my country, right or wrong" type, I am prepared to believe that we made grave mistakes over the Palestine situation but surely we paid for them. When I think of all the young soldiers of my nation who have lost their lives in policing foreign lands, under some mandate for which they were not responsible, I could weep. Cinematically, the film has some fine moments—it is the underlying spirit of long-sustained rancour to which I object.

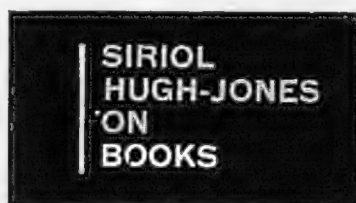
In *The Big Gamble*, Mr. Stephen Boyd plays a pigheaded Irishman who manages to persuade his Dublin family to set him up as a haulage contractor in Africa—and if I were related to the fellow, I'd be glad to get him well out of the way, too. With his Corsican bride, Mlle. Juliette Greco, his bank-clerk cousin, Mr. David Wayne (who has

been sent along to keep an eye on him), and a 10-ton truck, Mr. Boyd arrives on the Ivory Coast to make his fortune.

During a delay caused by the loss of the truck's registration papers or something, Mr. Boyd gets roaring drunk and spends the cash he is supposed to keep in reserve on 300 cases of canned beer—which can, he assures his outraged companions, be sold at a stunning profit in Jebanda, the town they are heading for. I had my doubts whether there would be any left by the time they got there, Mr. Boyd having a tremendous thirst on him—and there *is*, in fact, very little, but this is due to other circumstances, such as the need to jettison much of the load when the truck gets stuck in a river.

The whole journey is fraught with disaster—but I was so irritated by Mr. Boyd's appalling lack of *nous*, I just could not care. You never saw such an obstinate fool!

If you care to study the human animal in pursuit of pleasure—gambling, watching striptease and all-in wrestling—you might enjoy *The World By Night*. I found it even more depressing than *The Savage Eye*.



On Art & Artists, by Aldous Huxley, ed. Morris Philipson. (Chatto & Windus, 30s.)

Alec Guinness, by Kenneth Tynan. (Barrie & Rockliff, 18s.)

Blue Skies, Brown Studies, by William Sansom. (Hogarth Press, 25s.)

The First Bohemian, by Robert Baldick. (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)

The Misfits, by Arthur Miller (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.)

Huxley is still way out front

UNTIL THIS WEEK, THE NAME Aldous Huxley would have sparked off a vague trail of jumbled thoughts in my head: mended his own bad eyesight; took mescaline; has become mystical, or perhaps saintly, in Hollywood; wrote a chilly-funny book called *Crome Yellow* and an alarming novel in which a dog fell out of an aeroplane smack on to a flat roof. Entrenched in ignorance and foolishness, it had escaped me that he was one of the sanest, wittiest, most informed, intelligent and civilized of critical essay-writers alive.

The new selection of his essays, *On Art & Artists*, edited by Morris Philipson, is the book I have most enjoyed reading this year, and

in its quiet, modest way is enough to scare one off ever putting thumb to typewriter again. It also convinces me that surely every editor in London must be perpetually on his knees to Mr. Huxley to contribute an article, on absolutely anything he feels like, whenever he wants to.

None of the essays is new and some date from the 1920s, yet nothing is dated, and indeed most of the book still seems to me well in advance of most of us in 1961. For instance, the 1931 essay called *To The Puritan All Things Are Impure* (which contains the magnificent phrase "that Mrs. Beeton's cookery book of love-making, the Kama Sutra") says more pertinent and sensible things about Lawrence and censorship than any that were written (bar Leavis's superb *Spectator* article) in the recent fracas.

Huxley writes about El Greco and Piero della Francesca, about Indian painting and the Taj Mahal, about Ben Jonson, Gesualdo, Chaucer, folk art, the Japanese landscape, Lautree's doodles in a Latin dictionary, Sir Christopher Wren, tragedy and our present paralysis about stating the obvious in art. There is such richness in this book, such amazing good sense, such a breadth of informed interest in everything, such modesty and such magical clarity of style that every page makes one more aware of how parched we are for writing of this kind.

It is also beautifully funny, and as simple and straightforward as apple-pie. Where too many books leave behind an awful queasy remorse, like living on a diet of too many candy-bars, this one is at last a proper meal. It's a life-saver of a book and a life-enhancer, too.

This being my happiness-week, I wish to encourage everyone who ever thought it impossible for anyone to write anything but a gossip-book about actors to read instantly a piece of astonishing magic called *Alec Guinness* by Kenneth Tynan. Mr. Tynan, of all our critics, is the most gifted when it comes to the heartbreaking job of describing and explaining, after the event, not only what an actor looked like but what he was up to. It's not possible, yet he can do it. This flawless and alarmingly perceptive short study of the world's most elusive actor ("You might easily take him for a slightly tipsy curate on the verge of being unfrocked") so sparkles and glitters that the temptation is simply to quote the entire book through from beginning to end. It makes one laugh out of sheer delight, and raise at least one cheer per paragraph when shadings in performance that had puzzled or eluded one before become clear.

Mr. Guinness stands up to this kind of dazzling surgery superbly, where other actors might end up as a nasty litter all over the operating-theatre floor. The book concen-

trates precisely and with admirable formality on his professional life, the writer keeps a most correct distance, and the illustrations, which show the full astonishing range of Mr. Guinness's multiple faces, prove that at least one is everyone's idea of a young romantic poet.

Briefly . . . William Sansom, a writer who can fairly cross the eyes in your head with amazement at the dexterity and cunning with which he weaves spells in the shape of sentences, always seemed to me such an ace-wizard when it came to travel-writing that I could never understand why he bothered to work out the plots necessary for fiction. *Blue Skies, Brown Studies* therefore greatly increases the reading bliss in which I happily wallow this week by being entirely about places—Minorca, Spain, Vienna and such, and seems to me wholly pleasure-giving and delightful. Mr. Sansom can be astringent about Capri and fresh as a daisy as well as faintly menacing about London, and one can't hope for better spells from anyone but the crafty old master-warlock Mr. Laurie Lee. . . . *The First Bohemian* by Robert Baldick is a fascinating and sympathetic biography of poor Henry Murger who wrote *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. owed too much money and earned too little, was timid and hopeful about women, drank gallons of coffee, worked painfully all night, and aroused extraordinary malice in the catty Goncourts. An exasperated editor, trying vainly to get Murger to abandon raggle-taggle Bohemia and clamber up a few solid rungs, wrote to him unforgettably "If you can't do anything else, then there's nothing more to be said, but between ourselves our *Tours* subscriber is beginning to complain, and that subscriber is a regular barometer." In the 1850s Aunt Edna lived in *Tours* and felt sharply about tubercular sewing-girls and writers pigging it in attics. I also dote on Murger *père* who, when his son went round to offer a ticket for the second night of *Vie de Bohème*, said in a stunned sort of way, "You mean to say they are putting it on again?" . . .

Mr. Arthur Miller has been having such a bleak time of it lately that it seems like the action of a lead to record that to me *The Misfits*, "a cinema novel," seems a lot of souped-up tosh, a positive Sargasso Sea of dreaded symbolism, about a couple of tired cowboys, a punch-drunk bronco-buster, some wild horses and a dear child of nature called Roslyn whom life cannot really sully. Each episode can be fatally foretold a mile off, the tense is the Maddening Present, and you keep stubbing your toes on sentences such as "*The love between them is viable, holding them a little above the earth.*" Ah well, maybe prose comes artier in the Far West.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Southern Folk Heritage, 7 vols.
The Concert Jazz Band, by Gerry Mulligan

King Kong, by the original cast
The Music Man, by the original cast

Too folksy for me

I HAVE JUST BEEN LISTENING TO A seven album release on London (SAH-K6131/7) called **Southern Folk Heritage**. The whole presentation is edited by Alan Lomax, one of the foremost authorities on contemporary folk music in the States, where all the music was recorded. They are clearly directed at the majority of jazz listeners in this country who devote their attention to the more primitive or rudimentary side of the music, but I doubt whether they will arouse much interest in these circles.

Whole albums are devoted to what I describe as "hillbilly" music, and the *White spirituals* are as dreary a recitation of singing as I have ever heard. *Negro church music* is interesting, in that it presents the Southern answer to the far more sophisticated religious music recorded farther north in the past few years. The strong presence of atonal singing is evident in this and the two blues-based albums, which obviously have by far the greatest jazz content. These are *Roots of the blues* and *The blues roll on*.

All this music is essential for the basic library of the folk music connoisseur, but I find it hard to recommend the series on the basis of its jazz appeal. In the first place the accompaniments are limited to guitar, piano, harmonica, and occasionally drums. Thus the background is reduced to skiffle level, far

removed from jazz. Two thoughts occur to me. First that jazz aficionados will be far from suspecting what this album has in store for them; second, that many people with a fringe interest in jazz may find a revelation in this quasi-historical music that will frighten them away from jazz once and for all. I admire Lomax for his painstaking research and for the courage of his convictions in releasing such essentially non-commercial performances. But for the advent of the tape-recorder, it is unlikely that any of these tracks would have reached the public's ears.

The Concert Jazz Band catches Gerry Mulligan at his best in both roles, as bandleader and baritone saxophonist. I am so pleased that he has abandoned, at least temporarily, his moribund quartet in favour of this 13-piece band, that gives so much more field for expression not only to Gerry but also to the team of arrangers who are working with him. The session opens with something straight out of the Ellington book, except that Duke neither wrote nor played it. I find it fascinating that Mulligan, once considered one of the most "modern" arrangers of our times, can happily and constructively turn back the clock to the style in which his jazz forebears were writing 30 years ago. Don't imagine that the music stagnates; it reminds one rather of a man searching out all the good things in his soul—how else would he include *Sweet and slow* and Reinhardt's *Manoir de mes rêves*?—in a selection which runs the gamut of time in terms of jazz style and approach.

The show tunes this month seem to centre round a belated issue of the *King Kong* original cast recording (SKL4132), which is not a "jazz" show, as some people would have you think. The music, strongly infected with North American influence, is almost unimportant when compared with the action of the performers, headed by Nathan Mledle.

The Music Man (CSD1361) is one of those thematically simple, frankly corny, scores one expects from a

show set in Iowa, U.S.A. However the conventions are flaunted mildly by such interruptions as those by the Salesmen, whose *Rock island* is

a masterpiece of "spoken" verse. Van Johnson and Patricia Lambert acquit themselves well with the moderate lyrics available.



GUCCIONE

ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Flower paintings, Roland, Browne & Delbanco

Spring exhibition, Leonard Koetser's

I ask you—when is a flower?

AFTER A WEEK IN WHICH I ONLY JUST survived the physical exhaustion of the Royal Academy's summer exhibition, the near-nausea of the Annigoni show at the R.F.A. Galleries and the traumatic effect of the exhibition of Modern Yugoslav Art at the Tate, I found refreshment in two quite minor shows.

I was walking through Green Park wondering what I was going to find at Roland, Browne & Delbanco's and musing on Picasso's famous counter to someone who asked him the meaning of his pictures—"What is the meaning of a flower?"—when two young women passed me just as one was saying to the other, "By the way, Mary, do you think flowers are pretty?"

Fortunately I didn't catch Mary's reply. It couldn't possibly have been as stimulating as the question which so strangely echoed the full title of the exhibition, *Flowers—decoration or more?*

As it stands that title-question is as unanswerable, at least by me, as the posers put by Picasso and Mary's friend. But if it is amended to "Flower painting—decoration or more?" the answer is plain to see in the exhibition which includes works both from acknowledged masters in this genre—Fantin-Latour, Renoir,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 424

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VERDICTS CONTINUED

Matthew Smith, William Nicholson, Vlaminck, and from unexpected sources—John Constable, Josef Herman, Keith Vaughan, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, W. R. Sickert.

An anonymous foreword to the catalogue asks, "*Is it possible that the relaxation and pleasure an artist may experience when painting flowers, and the enjoyment they may give the spectator, compensate for the absence of humanist values?*"

Taken at its face value that question, too, is easily answered—with a "yes." But, in fact, it is a heavily loaded question. To answer it with a "no" would be to say no to the whole of abstract art, for

what the abstract painter does, if he is successful, is create "flowers," new, never-seen-before flowers.

Whether, on this basis, any work of art comparable with that of the great masters of representational art will ever be made is a subject for eternal argument. But the legitimacy of abstract painting can no longer be in doubt, except in the minds of the sort of people—we all know them—who would demand a meaning of a flower.

The exhibition includes enough even of "abstracted" pictures to illustrate this point in a small way. And it shows pretty clearly that the gap between the flower painting of, say, Fantin-Latour and Raoul Dufy,

is no greater than the gap between Dufy and Jacob Bornfriend, who uses flowers simply as a starting point for making an abstract painting.

Two fine flower paintings, this time by the 17th-century Flemish artists Nicolas de Verendael and Jan Fyt, are included in the exhibition of Flemish, Dutch and Italian pictures at Leonard Koetser's gallery. A Philips Wouwerman of horsemen at a forge, known as the Harrington Wouwerman since it was in the Earl of Harrington's Collection, is one of the most superb of this artist's works. Superb, too, are a Jan Weenix of figures among sand dunes and a typical Isaac van

Ostade of peasants outside an inn. There is also an interesting small winter landscape painted on copper by Jan Breughel II. But the pictures that gave me most pleasure are *Stallion and groom* by Roelandt Savery and *Landscape with travellers* by Pieter Molijn. These two have in common an extraordinarily skilful and effective use of the semi-silhouette.

The pictures are priced between £800 and (as Mr. Koetser puts it) 11½, which being translated means £11,500. But don't let that stop you from going to see them. The illustrated catalogue—3s. 6d. in aid of polio research—is a wonderful bargain.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

The case for book-keeping

Albert Adair

BOOKCASES HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE most universal items of household furniture since the early 18th century, though they were occasionally made to special order before then. Oak bookcases made in 1666 for Samuel Pepys to house his library are the first examples to which a definite date can be given. His diary records that on 23 July of that year he was "with great pains contriving presses to put my books up in; they now growing

numerous and lying one upon another on my chairs." These presses can now be seen in the Pepys library at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

The designs of the leading cabinet makers of the middle of the 18th century were apt to be massively masculine with bold carving and pilasters and, superimposed on top, a broken architectural pediment intended for the bust of a suitably literary character. These pieces,

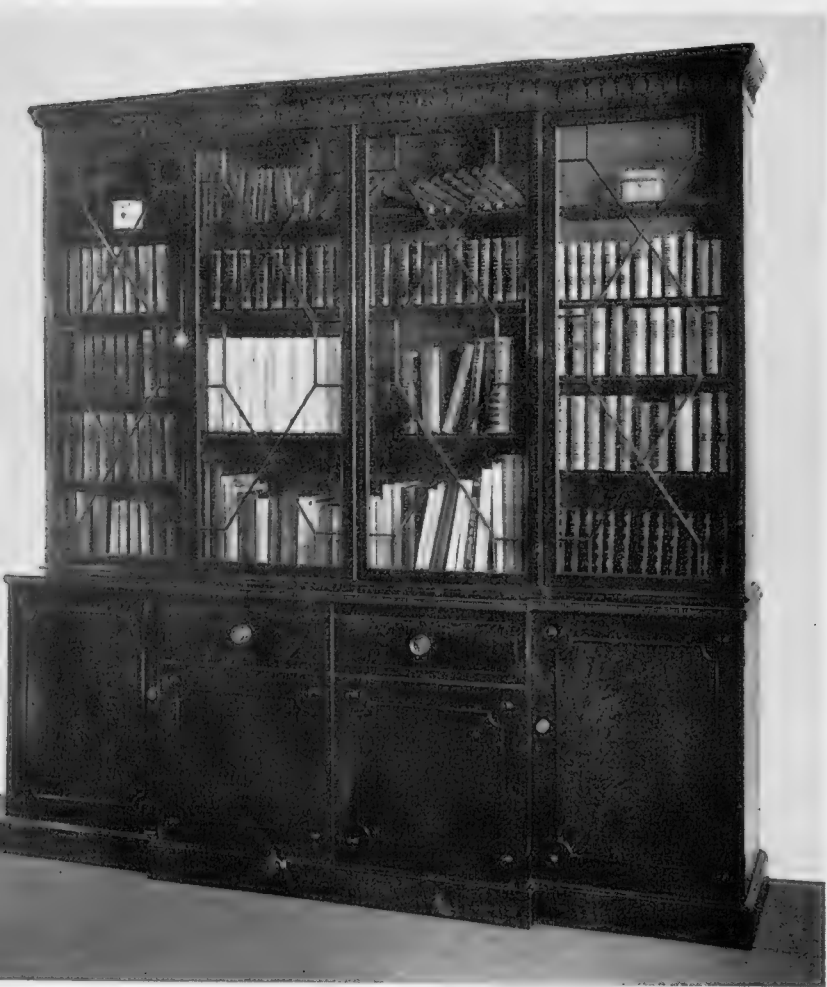
though handsome to look at, have an overall height that makes them unsuitable nowadays except for large country houses or old-fashioned executive offices.

With the gradual evolution during the second half of the century from furniture for the male to an elegance more suitable for the ladies, the bookcase became lighter and more manageable.

The most essential and the most pleasing features to look for in a bookcase suitable for modern living are a flat top with a dental or peardrop cornice, shallowness from back to front and a "breakfront," having the centre section a few inches deeper than the sidepieces as shown in the first illustration. This bookcase measures 8 feet wide by 8 feet high and dates from

about 1780. A very fine example.

But designs moved with the times and the second picture shows a particularly elegant and smaller bookcase of the Regency period (*circa* 1810) made of rosewood. The cornice in this case is of gilt-wood; there are brass turnings along the edges of all doors and drawers and brass *palmettes*, designed as stars, in each corner. Its beautiful proportions and slender lines are accentuated by the absence of any astragals (glazing bars) on the glass doors. It is only 5 feet wide, too narrow to allow for a "breakfront," 12½ inches deep and 7 feet 2 inches high and would grace any modern room of modest dimensions. This piece is in the possession of Mrs. Loewenthal of 4 St. James's Street, London.



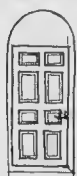
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PEOPLE who deal in time and motion wouldn't believe the time a woman spends searching for cotton wool, pulling tale all over the bedroom, trying to locate that special shade of lipstick, duplicating the first application of liner exactly on *both* eyes. But the aids to an organized beauty life today are varied—as proved by this study of the best buys in Maytime.

For sheer value the best buy here is undoubtedly a rose-strewn porcelain stand with a reversible mirror—one side makes a giant reflection, the other reflects same-size. Advantages: makes easy work of eye and lip make-up

because it leaves both hands free and allows a double life-sized view (startlingly priced at 5s. 11d. from the British Home Stores). . . . Butterflies flutter forever on an opaline bottle with a golden cap and plenty of room for anything liquid. Advantage: roomy and sheer pleasure to use for something that doesn't come in a glamorous guise—like shampoo, a plain cologne or bath salts (19 gns. from Presents of Dover Street). . . . Strictly for creating sensations: a square-set compact embedded with blues and greens in a stunning, underwater mixture. Advantage: large enough not to get lost even in the

biggest handbag and pretty enough to cause a stir anywhere it is seen (10½ gns. from Halcyon Days). . . . A squarely-cut crystal casket could contain tale (with room enough for a bouncy puff) cotton wool balls or a collection of shadows and lipsticks. Advantage: deep, big and personable enough not to get lost in a drawer (£12 from Halcyon Days). . . . For an out-of-this-world dressing table, an item of beautiful, 19th-century proportions. This gilded nest housing an opaline egg bears a pair of crystal scent bottles and a mirror just big enough to cope with eye and lip grooming. Advantage: the

egg opens to house lipsticks, shadows and pins, and the scent bottle could house a much-used cologne that tends to get lost. Better hurry if you like it because it's a French antique (also from Halcyon Days, £18, who have matching pink and white porcelain dressing table sets affly with butterflies and flowers). . . . Spring-like extras: a diamanté dandelion head on a silver grip (4s. 9d.) Plus gold kid vine-leaves growing out of a headband (£5—both from Presents). Both would prevent the downfall of hair that's likely to go astray during an evening's dancing.

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DINING IN

Logistics for Whitsun

Helen Burke

AS HOLIDAY WEEKENDS APPROACH, many of us who write on food urge those responsible for it to plan so that they will have almost as relaxing a time as other members of the family.

Most women who know about these things will tell you that the usual weekend joint is a good solution, and costs less than almost anything else. It does, but there is more to it than that. We like nowadays to make a food "occasion" of Bank Holiday weekends. And in days when it is almost too easy for people to drop in, it is just as well to have on hand extras to meet such a contingency.

The store cupboard is one's best ally here. I would suggest 1 lb. each of large-grain Italian rice for risottos, and Patna rice for curries and Chinese dishes (remember that one pound of rice goes a long way); a can or two of pimentoes, small mushrooms, creamed sweet corn and peas (or packets of frozen ones); at least an extra dozen eggs and a tube or so of tomato *purée*, because it wastes so little and is less strong to the palate than the tinned conserve.

I would suggest also a can or two of favourite *pâté de pork* and/or *pâté de foie gras*, and a good supply of beef and/or chicken cubes. One or a portion of one of these, dissolved in hot water, is a good standby for "stock."

It is possible to put on an exciting main course at a moment's notice in the form of an hors d'oeuvres meal, provided there are certain key essentials in the store cupboard to supplement any left overs one may have on hand. For instance, strips of cooked meat or poultry, masked in mayonnaise, use up the last of a joint or bird in a most pleasing way.

For a larger than usual gathering, a turkey could be one of the most satisfactory main meats, because it can be cut and cut again, and finally yields masses of delicious little pieces that can be served in many ways.

TURKEY is a delicately flavoured bird. It will repay for extra pleasant herbs in the body stuffing—parsley, thyme, savory, if you like, but *no sage*. For the breast end I would rather use finely minced pork and veal, half-and-half, than straight sausage meat. A few skinned pistachio nuts do not add so much flavour to this stuffing but look attractive when it is sliced.

For the body stuffing I always cook the chopped liver and a chopped onion in plenty of butter. I add finely chopped smoked

streaky bacon, because I like its flavour, then I cook the bread-crumbs in the mixture, season it to taste and moisten the lot with giblet stock. Finally I add a handful or so of sultanas and 2 oz. roughly chopped walnuts.

If you make the stuffings, all but the liquid, one day, add the stock next day and stuff the bird, you will hardly notice how long it takes.

You can make a good RISOTTO in a little over $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, so put it down as a kind of cookery "spare wheel." For 8 to 9 servings, 6 to 8 oz. uncooked rice will be enough. Use large-grained Italian rice for this. Do not wash it, but simply rub it in a clean cloth.

Gently simmer a finely chopped small onion in an ounce or so of butter in, for preference, a non-stick pan. Add the rice and shake it over the heat until it takes on that chalky look, then add well-seasoned turkey giblet stock or chicken cube stock to cover and continue to simmer. Add more stock from time to time as the rice absorbs it. When the rice is almost cooked, add to your liking sliced canned mushrooms and their liquid, strips of canned pimento (sweet peppers) and those last little bits of cooked turkey, or chicken or veal. Let them cook gently together. Finally, when all the moisture has been absorbed by the rice, dot the surface of the mixture with butter, remove to the side of the cooker and let the butter melt through.

JAPANESE RICE SALAD is the basis of a delicious buffet cold dish. For 8 to 9 servings, boil 6 to 8 oz. raw Patna rice so that each grain is separate. Add to it, when cold, pieces of the cooked turkey, chicken or veal and dress all with oil and vinegar, accented to taste with mustard and seasoned with salt and pepper. Toss the mixture in the dressing.

Add all, or at least some, of the following: sliced raw small mushrooms (canned ones will do), sliced pimento-stuffed olives and green peppers, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch diamonds. At the last minute, add 2 to 3 really firm-skinned tomatoes, cut into crescents, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup of diced cucumber, preferably with the skin on, and a dessertspoon each of chopped parsley and chives or spring onion green. Just before serving, dilute mayonnaise to your liking and trickle it over the salad.

If I turn this salad into a long shallow serving dish, I like two further additions: I criss-cross the top with fillets of anchovy and, all around, arrange crescents of hard-boiled eggs.

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MAN'S WORLD

The five-point charter

David Morton

SOMEBODY ASKED ME RECENTLY what are the qualities that constitute a well-dressed man. I'm not sure that I can give a straight answer but the question seems so relevant to the purposes of this column that I have set out to define the indefinable. One of the oldest aphorisms about dress lays down that the man who is immediately noticeable for being well-dressed, isn't.

In fact the truly well-dressed man should strive to achieve so anonymous a distinction in his clothes that they are scarcely noticed in the wearer's presence. Only in his absence will the full impact of his elegance come to mind. Deliberate understatement is the first principle then, but it can be ruined by the wrong choice of tie or socks or the amount of cuff allowed to show.

The second principle is reasonably obvious but often forgotten; it

decrees that clothes must be suitable to the occasion. In its extreme form this rules out the American horror of Bermuda shorts worn to the office (or, as some feel, at almost any other time) and kindred defections like business suits at a race meeting or sports jackets at the theatre.

Third principle is to co-ordinate the clothes chosen to be worn together. To demonstrate with the obvious, this precludes the wearing of a bowler hat with suede shoes. More subtle examples of ignoring this rule are the wearing of a patterned tie with a patterned shirt and suit, or socks which clash with both the trousers and shoes. Remember, too, that certain forms of dress are classic, and must not be deviated from in any respect. Full evening dress is a case in point.

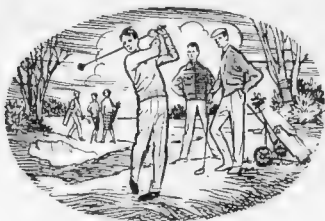
Fourth principle is that clothes must fit properly and look as if they are comfortable to wear. They must not look new, and except in the

case of tweed suits, must not look too old either. Clothes must be cared for, and even in this, the middle road should be taken—trousers should be pressed, but not too obviously, and shoes should be polished, but not to the extent of looking like an R.S.M.'s pride and joy. But in the case of shirts, the far extreme is right—they can't be too fresh, crisp or clean, and ties must be wholly uncreased. Shaped clothes-hangers, clothes brushes and shoe trees are essential. This care in grooming must naturally extend to the man himself but with the same subtle distinction observed in his dress. A man should never look as if he has just come from his barber, nor as if he hasn't been near him for a month. Many barbers still have to appreciate this.

The fifth principle is to embrace new trends. Not eagerly, not reluctantly, but just enough to show an awareness that styles of dress are evolving all the time. A refusal to accept this is only permissible to very aged and great men, and to officers of the Brigade of Guards in London. It is enough to demonstrate this subtlety in one item of dress; at the time of writing it might be enough to wear a shirt with pencil thick stripes, or a suit

with a completely pocketless jacket. Last year would have been too early, next year perhaps too late.

These are the five basic rules; there are countless minor ones that can contribute to good dressing. Some people allege that a man can be well dressed only if a half-inch of shirt collar shows above the line of the jacket at the back, others say that the shirt sleeve should be half an inch longer than the jacket. Some say that hats must always be worn and gloves always carried, but all these points are only rather crude ways of distinguishing a well-dressed man from his unfortunate opposite. Obey the five rules and you can't go far wrong. Sadly enough, some people just have a knack of wearing clothes well, even though they may be badly chosen. Certain types of human physique are a tailor's dream, others his nightmare. On the whole, I was not totally amazed to read, in a book on somatotyping, that the extreme ectomorph needs a high stiff collar to support his neck, while mesomorphs and endomorphs need no collar at all; or that Jung's introverts feel the need of clothes, while his extroverts crave freedom from them. Is *your* tailor morphologically aware?



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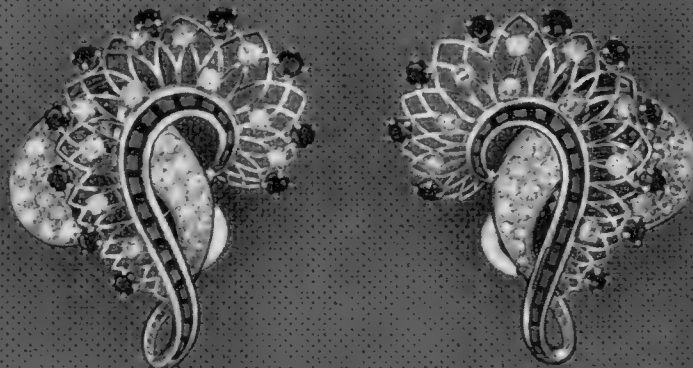


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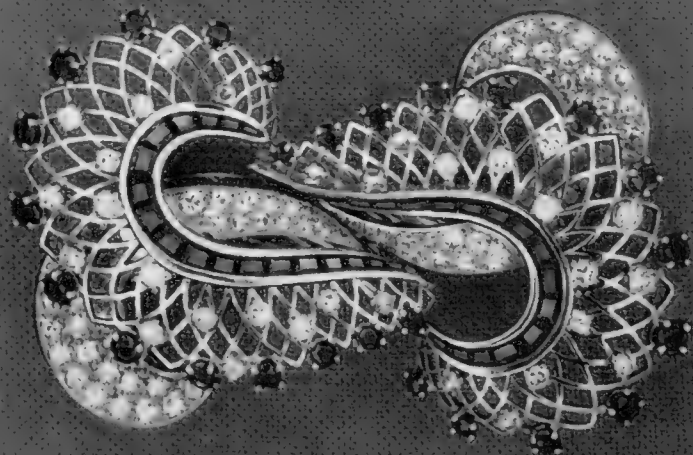
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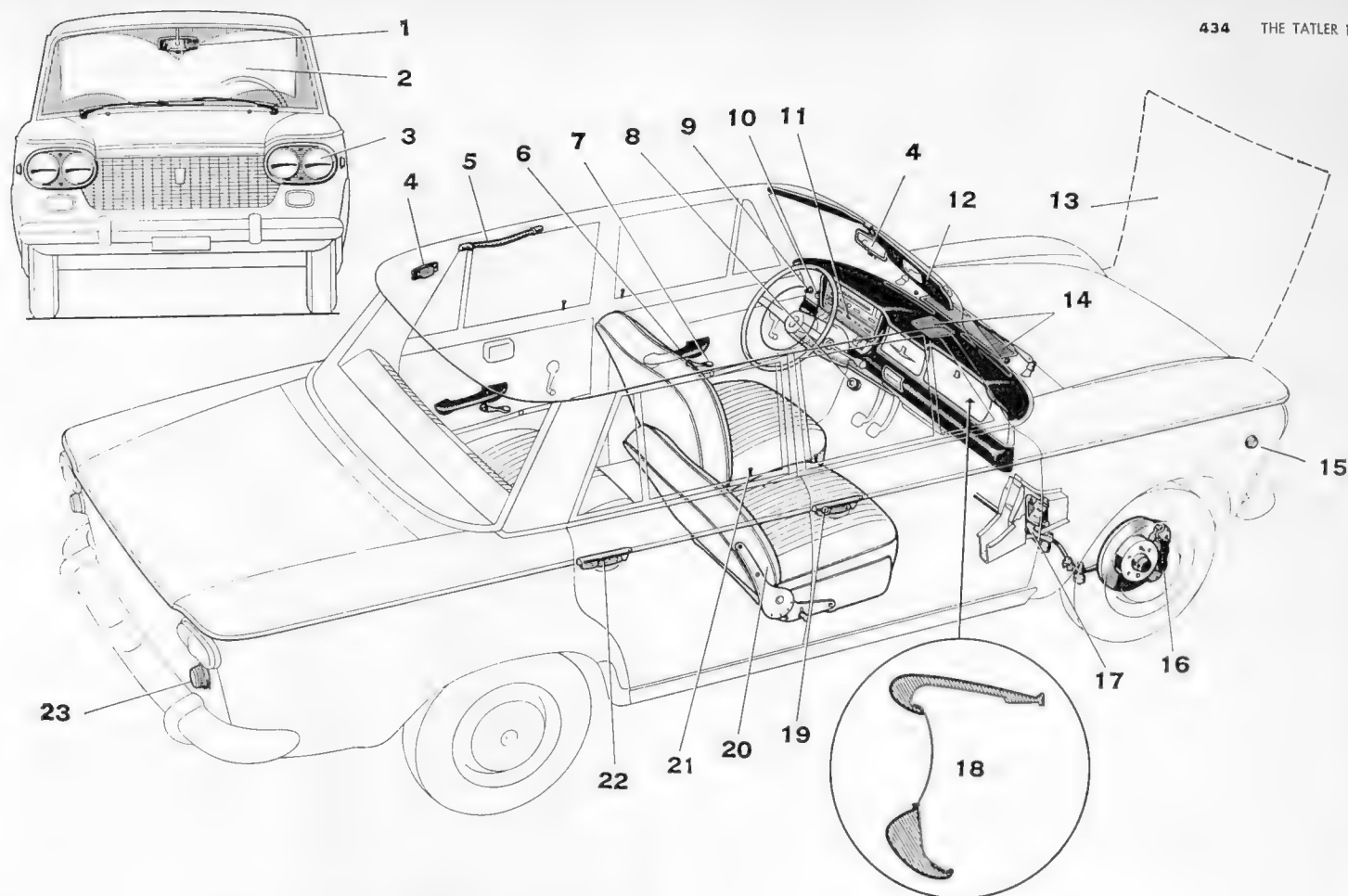
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MOTORING

Safer cars are coming

Gordon Wilkins

OUTLINE DRAWING OF THE NEW Fiat 1300 and 1500 above pinpoints many features designed to increase safety on the latest cars. Many of these ideas are already on other models, or will be found on new cars due to be announced during the coming months. There are still many cars—some of them unfortunately the faster and more expensive types—in which the designers show no awareness of the dangers presented by sharp interior or exterior projections. Years ago Porsche used to fit metal coat hooks. Then they heard that one driver had been killed in a crash through striking his temple against such a hook and they immediately substituted flexible plastic hooks. Some British car manufacturers have only just become aware of the need for coat hooks and are making the same mistake of using sharp metal ones. In a bad accident the occupants of a car can be thrown around inside in the most unexpected directions and any sharp projection can be lethal. Safety harness gives a high degree of protection, but it should not replace other constructive measures. We are still a long way from the day when every car will have safety harness for all seats.

Design of British cars will cer-

tainly be influenced to an increasing extent by accident investigations now being carried out at the Birmingham Accident Hospital with funds furnished by the Automobile Association. Mr. William Gissane, the clinical director, recently revealed some of the results of the first year's work. It emphasized the importance of harness in preventing people being thrown out in a crash and also showed that the drive for lighter, livelier cars should never be allowed to reduce the strength of the frame. This must stand up to endwise and lateral impacts without crushing. The collapsible steering column has also proved its value in saving drivers' lives.

Sharp projections are a danger to pedestrians, cyclists and motor cyclists. Six fatal chest and abdominal injuries were caused in the Birmingham area by sharp projecting cowls over headlamps; two children suffered fatal brain injuries from the brackets carrying wing mirrors. Projecting door hinges and door handles have also caused fatal injuries. Says Mr. Gissane: "It may well be that the day of the stylist will end, and he will be replaced by the designer who considers safety in design at least as important as a bizarre and eye-catching outline."

- 1 Anti-glare rear view mirror
- 2 Full width windscreen wiper
- 3 Four headlamps
- 4 Courtesy lights controlled by front & rear doors
- 5 Interior roof grab handles
- 6 Foam-filled arm rests
- 7 Interior handles under arm rests
- 8 Pedal-controlled screen washer & wiper
- 9 Adjustable dashboard lights
- 10 Handbrake-on warning light
- 11 Choke-on indicator

- 12 Two-way adjustable padded sun visors
- 13 Front-hinged bonnet
- 14 Ventilation, heating & demisting
- 15 Side-wipers extra to front & rear
- 16 Disc brakes
- 17 Behind-axle steering relay linkage
- 18 Padded non-projecting dashboard
- 19 Locks on both front doors
- 20 Adjustable backrests
- 21 Inner safety door locks
- 22 No exterior projections
- 23 Reversing light

After reviewing the toll of death and suffering he added, "Some enforcement is surely essential in protecting pedestrians from their own folly and even more so in prohibiting youngsters of five, seven and 12 from riding their bicycles in the overcrowded conditions now prevalent in all our cities."

But if there is to be greater safety on the roads it is only likely to come from the efforts of the vehicle manufacturers. There is little hope of intelligent or constructive action by the government, which seems irrevocably committed to the policy of punishing the motorist and ignoring the real causes of accidents. As Mr. Leeming, County Surveyor of Dorset, said to me the other day: "We are prevented from taking steps which we know would reduce accidents and are compelled to spend money on measures which may in fact increase them."

If there is an accident in the air, at sea or on the railways there is a full-scale inquiry to find out the

reason and to prevent anything similar happening again. If an engine driver passes a red light, the judge will probably say a few sympathetic words and the authorities start a scientific investigation to eliminate the possibility of such errors. But if a car driver passes a red light he can hope for no sympathy from any judge. He will be punished and that will be the end of it. Nobody is the slightest bit interested to find out why he made a mistake.

The result is that though 5,000 to 6,000 people have been dying on the roads for years, the small minority of people who are interested in finding out the causes and eliminating them have no data to work on. In fact, as Mr. Leeming has pointed out, the preoccupation with punishing the motorist often means that the facts about accidents are concealed from the people who could take constructive measures to prevent them, and lives are sacrificed unnecessarily.

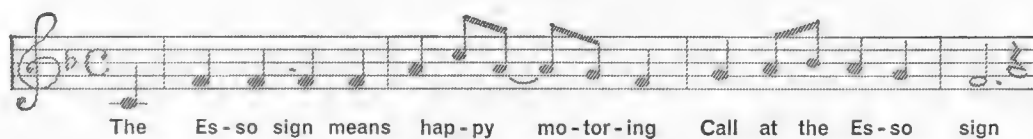


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Miss Judy Ann Thring to Major James St. Clare Simmons, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd & 52nd. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Thring, of Innocks Lodge, Hinton Charterhouse, Bath. He is the eldest son of Col. & Mrs. E. C. Simmons*



YEVONDE

Miss Pauline Angus to Mr. Hugh Colin Norman Donald. *She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. Drummond Angus, of Hawkwell, Stamfordham, Northumberland. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Donald, of Ramsbury, Wiltshire*

Engagements



BILL GODWIN

Nairn—Crosthwaite: Judith, only daughter of Mr. Bryce Nairn, H.M. Consul-General, Tangier, & Mrs. Nairn, was married to Richard, son of Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Crosthwaite, of Langbaugh Hall, Great Ayton, Yorkshire, at St. Andrew's Church, Tangier

Weddings

Lush—Glentworth: Sylvia Rosalind, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Maurice S. Lush, of Brantridge Forest, Balcombe, Sussex, was married to Viscount Glentworth, elder son of the Earl & Countess of Limerick, of W. Hoathly, at St. Mary's, Balcombe



TOM HUSTLER

Maxwell—Sanderson: Margaret Ann (Margot), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John C. Maxwell, of Hill Street, W.I. and New York, was married to Frank Linton, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Bryan Sanderson, of Scaynes Hill, Sussex, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

The Rev. J. M. Foster and Dr. J. M. Craig

The engagement is announced between John Myles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Myles Foster, of Parkstone, Dorset, and Jane Marilyn, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Craig of Bournemouth.

Mr. R. H. H. G. Bennett and Miss P. J. M. Watt

The engagement is announced between Richard Hugh Hamilton Geoffrey, son of Capt. G. M. Bennett, D.S.C., Royal Navy, and Mrs. Bennett, of 33 Argyll Road, Kensington, W.8, and Perdita Jane MacDonald, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. F. Watt, of 22 Stafford Terrace, Kensington, W.8.

Mr. A. R. Davey and Miss E. A. Strang

The engagement is announced between Alec Rodwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davey, of Slade Farm, Rogate, Petersfield, Sussex, and Elizabeth Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Strang, of Brightwell Farm, Brightwell Baldwin, Oxford.

Mr. L. P. Foldes and Miss J. M. V. I. Northern

The engagement is announced between Lucien, son of the late Mr. Egon Foldes, and Mrs. Marta Foldes, of 83 St. Gabriel's Road, N.W.2, and Julia, daughter of Major E. A. and the Hon. Mrs. Northern, of Woodsford, 14 Melbury Road, W.14. The marriage will take place at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester Road, Kensington, at 4.30 p.m. on Friday, July 7.

Mr. J. G. Walker and Miss R. B. Thompson

The engagement is announced between John Graham Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walker, of Arunway, Bury, Sussex, and Rachel Barbara, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Thompson, of Park Close, Bloxham, Oxon.

Mr. A. B. Holland and Miss E. M. K. Power

The engagement is announced between Brian, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holland, of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, and Eleanor, eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. R. Power, of Sandpit Hall, Chobham.

Mr. P. A. J. Shepherd and Miss S. J. Parton

The engagement is announced between Patrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shepherd, of The Bent, Nightingales Lane, Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, and Susan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Parton, of Hardby, Orcheston Avenue, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire.

Mr. S. S. Robinson and Miss C. M. Greenacre

A marriage has been arranged and will take place in the United States in July, between Samuel Sachs, son of Professor C. A. Robinson, Jr., of Brown University, and 12 Keene Street, Providence, Rhode Island, and Mrs. C. A. Robinson, and Catherine Morfydd, younger daughter of Brigadier W. D. C. Greenacre, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Mrs. Greenacre, of Rendham Barnes, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

Mr. A. M. Mowat and Miss A. S. B. Caldicott

The engagement is announced between Alastair McIvor, younger twin son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Mowat, of 8 Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, and Alison Stuart Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Caldicott, of 14 Drummond Circus, Inverness.

Mr. R. A. Lane and Miss J. A. Makin

The engagement is announced between Richard Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Warden Lane, of Wychwood, Bell Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire, and Judith Alison, eldest daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Makin, of Long Wood House, Runfold, Farnham, Surrey, and Mrs. Mary Makin, of Landor House, St. Cross, Winchester.

Mr. N. Darroch and Miss S. Masfield

The engagement is announced between Neil, son of the late Donald Darroch, and of Mrs. N. J. Darroch, of Farnborough, Berks, and Susan, daughter of Wing Cdr. E. Masfield, A.F.C., R.A.F., and Mrs. Masfield, of 39 Gibson Road, Ickenham, Middlesex.

Mr. D. Jorgensen and Miss M. C. Lacroze

The engagement is announced between Derek, son of the late Mr. R. W. Jorgensen and of Mrs. Jorgensen, of Maywood, Bickley, Kent, and Margaret Clare, only daughter of Mr. Michael Lacroze, of Buenos Aires, and Mrs. Alan Hadden, of Elizabeth Farm, Newbury, Berkshire.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page xi for details.



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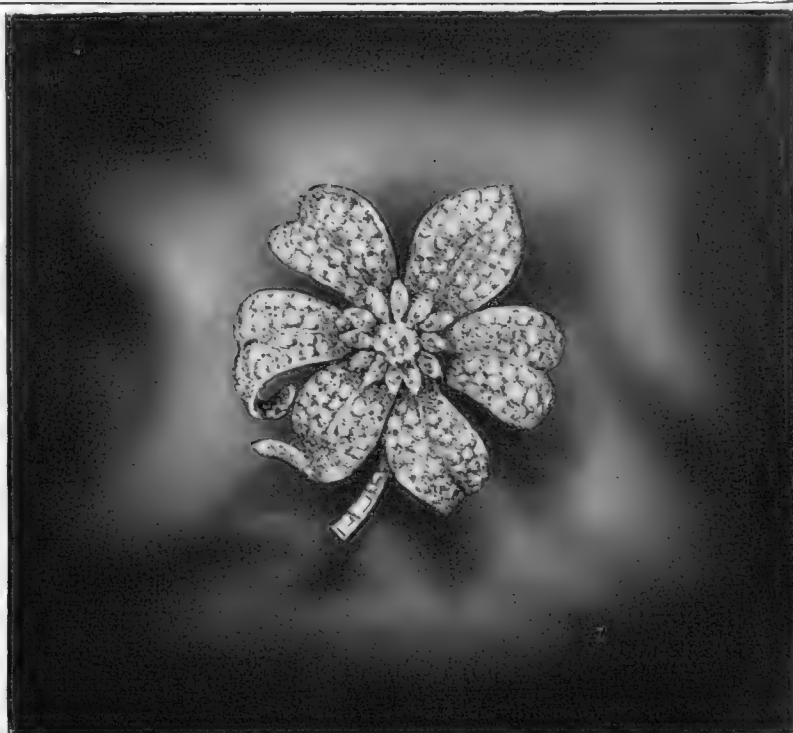
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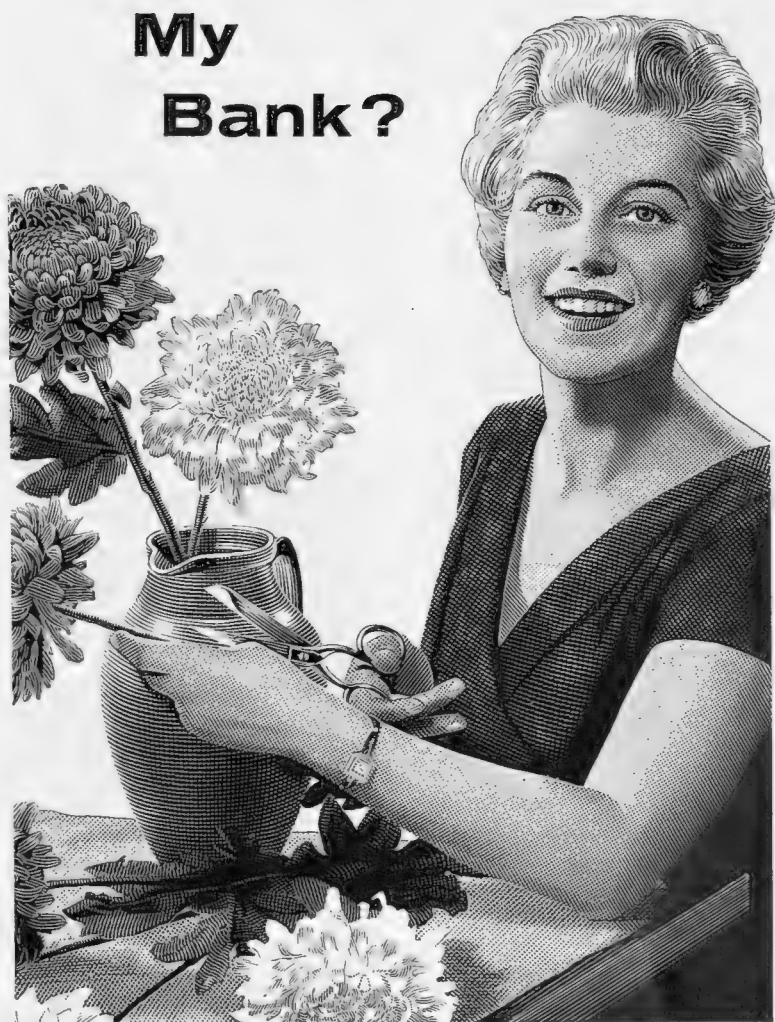


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in the hot sun. (Below left). This one by Janet Dickinson is permanently pleated from the hip. In dazzling white that will stay white—piped with navy. To fit a 34"-37" bust. About 62/-. The 'Tricel' and cotton trews are part of a wonderfully versatile mix and match set by Elmoor. In navy, white, lilac, and lime. Sizes 24"-30" waist. About £2.19.6. The blouse by Matisse is in 'Tricel' and rayon. In pink, sky, tan, lilac and turquoise. Sizes 34"-38". About 2/- 6.

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The objects in the picture all have a direct link with Prince Charlie. The 'Prince Charlie Targe' once belonged to Cluny Macpherson, while the musette or bagpipes and the embossed book cover were once the property of the Prince's brother, the Cardinal of York. The silver quaich is said to have belonged to Flora Macdonald. Also shown is a typical drinking glass of the period.

All these objects are to be seen at the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, who kindly gave permission to reproduce them here.

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